

KPFT Aug 1975 P
P 15, 16, 17 a new look for T programs



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COVER STORY:

Exclusive Interview with

Deke Slayton's Dog, Bobo

EXPOSED IN THIS ISSUE:

Convenience Store Trickery

CAM Conjury

Broadcasting Pornography

COMPLETE HOUSTON EVENTS CALENDAR

KPFT Radio Guide

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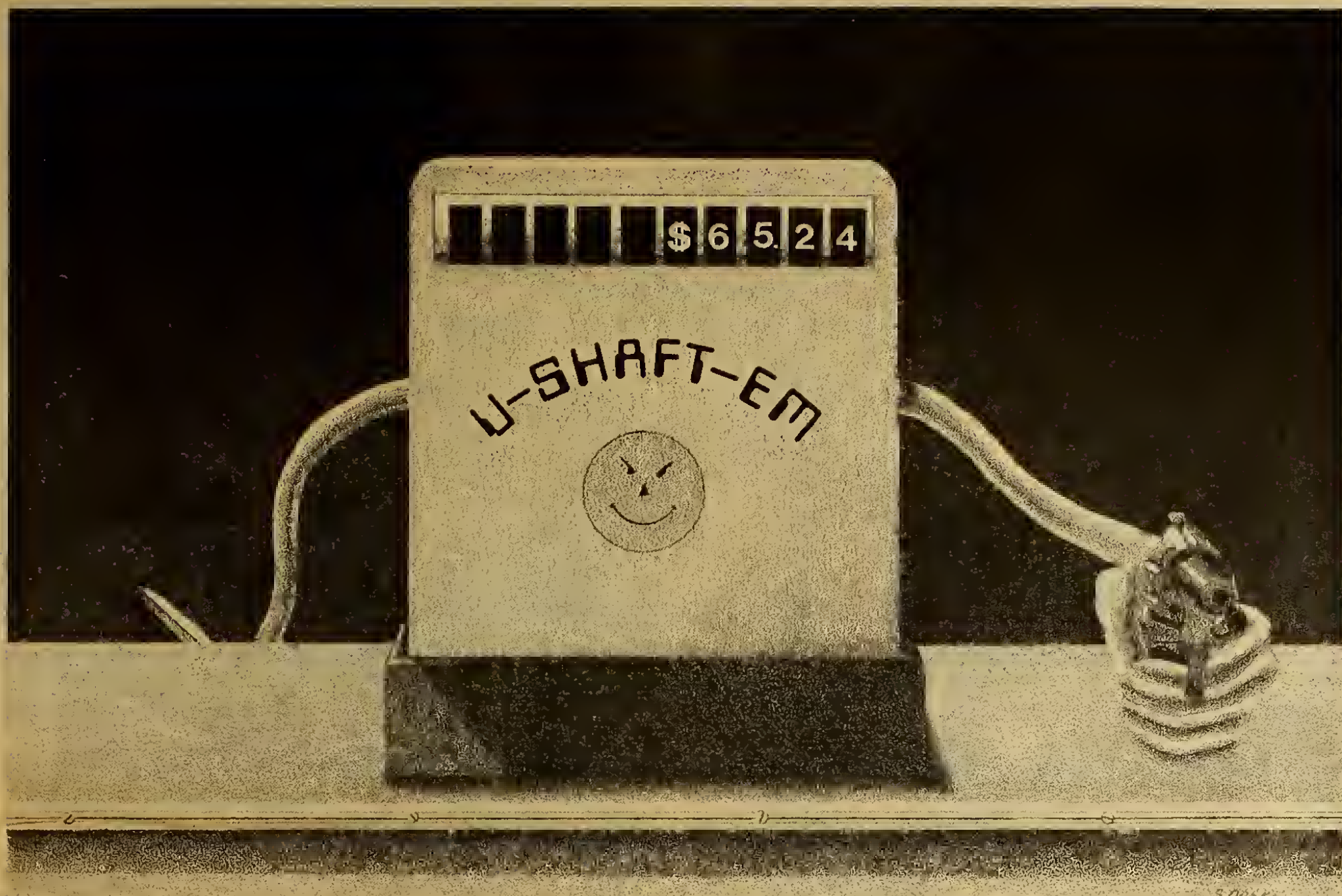


PHOTO BY CARTER SMITH



Mighty Ninety News

& World Report



GRAPHIC BY STEVE DURKE

One Stop Scandal

by John M. Lomax

One of the first things Texas natives notice upon leaving the sacred sod is the dearth of one-stops, or "convenience stores" out there in the hinterlands. Manhattan may be a cultural Mecca, but just try to find a 7 - 11, U-Totem, Stop 'n Go, or Baby Giant store there. Though one-stops can be found all over other American cities, they find you in Texas. You can rarely go two blocks here without seeing one of these ubiquitous glass-and-brick stores. As our state became more and more dependent upon the automobile, as people chose to move out instead of up, these stores sprang up like mushrooms after a summer shower.

Houston must be the world center in terms of one-stops per capita, with over 1,200 of these little blockhouses scattered throughout the city. Fort Worth, Dallas, Austin, Waco, Corpus Christi, and Beaumont also have numerous stores. The normal pattern is for four or five chains to

own and operate around 95 per cent of the stores. The independent store has been able to hold out only in San Antonio, where local "ice houses" have so far provided stiff competition for the majors.

A "convenience" store is aptly named. Shrewd merchants realized the need for stores emphasizing quick shopping involving a few essential items mixed with luxuries like alcohol, tobacco, charcoal, and cat food. A convenience store usually offers parking within a few feet of the door, simple shopping and selection, rapid checkout, and longer hours.

Scoring a six-pack, smokes, jug of wine and a comic book at a 7 - 11 or U-Totem is certainly less hassle than securing the same items at a Weingarten's, Piggly Wiggly, or Kroger's. The behemoths of the retail food business invariably have too few check-out lanes or checkers, a sad fact usually entailing a 15-minute wait in line. So you go to the one-stop, park right in front and bop inside. Little do you know that your impatience will cost your pocket-

book dearly.

For there are jokers in the one-stop deck. High overhead occurs because it takes about three dozen one-stops to generate the sodd of financial gross that one giant grocery store can take in daily. Each of these 36 stores must pay for separate checkers, clerks, lights, maintenance, and construction costs. The consumer helps make for these expenses and move by paying 15 - 25 per cent more. A cursory comparison between beer and wine prices at a liquor store or food prices at a grocery with one-stop tariffs should be enough to send you scurrying from one-stops in all but the direst emergencies.

Limited selection invariably faces the one-stop shopper unless he wants soft drinks, alcohol or cigarettes. Don't expect to find six kinds of tartar sauce, or four sizes of mayonnaise.

The one-stops offer as little as they can to employees, therefore attract workers less concerned with a career than a temporary job. When a checker has

demonstrated sufficient honesty and reliability, he earns the title of Store Manager or Assistant Manager. He then begins to share in the gross on a percentage basis, provided that gross exceeds the gross compiled by that store 12 months before. Since prices are going nowhere but up, this is an almost certain windfall.

Suppose that 7 - 11 #25 grossed \$20,000 during August of 1974. Say the Store Manager is in for four per cent over and above that figure, with the Assistant in for two per cent. During August of 1975 the store grosses \$25,000. Ring up an extra \$200 for the manager for August plus \$100 more for the Assistant.

Not only do the upper-level one-stop employees have a personal stake in an increased gross, but they are held responsible for any deficits in the rigorous inventories which are conducted regularly by these chains. The least avaricious of

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Feedback

Dear KPFT,

I'm not certain, but I guess your [billing] statement is correct. I try to support you when I can & when I want to. Many times I find myself switching channels because sometimes I just can't handle your strange music. I do consider myself fairly normal with normal taste. I like mellow acoustic music, folk music, bluegrass, mountain music, soft rock, & C&W. I can't handle horn music, which is mostly jazz, and I don't get into African chants & the like. Don't get me wrong, I listen to you mostly. It's just that some of your programming is hard on my ears & my head. It's nice to hear unique, good, mellowed out music. I can hear rock-out-sock-out on any other channel. Some sorely missed programs are Mother Earth News, 4th Tower, and wherever Mandy is I hope she comes back very soon. I used to look forward to listening in the morning. Now what I hear is job plugs, silly jokes, and too much talk.

Your so-called Informazine is a dead turn-off too. Who wants to be bombarded with this world's problems for 2 hours with an occasional song stuffed in? I take the paper, that's plenty of news for me. More weather would be in order. In short, I think that the KPFT of yesterday had a much more varied & interesting program schedule than you do now. I will continue to support you because I believe you have potential.

Thank you,
T.M.

[In partial answer to your statements, I would observe that internally, there is a constant effort towards giving a more balanced programming thrust in all areas of music and information. If you like bluegrass music, you will be glad to know that the "Bluegrass Express" has returned to the air each Sunday from 7 to 9 p.m. Also, you are likely to hear lots of folk music both with Mandy, who is back every morning from 9 to noon, and with the Banjo Kid, who is on Monday Wednesday and Friday after noon. You also might be interested in knowing that Informazine has been dropped in favor of a one-hour daily feature called "Life On Earth," from 6 to 7 p.m., concerning which there are more details in another section of this issue. Hopefully, these changes will give you more room for optimism in your appraisal of our programming. -- ed.]

Dear KPFT

Easy public access is a real important part of what you're all about but

many of those stammering er-um-ah phone callers make for pretty dull programming.

How about --

-- having some kind of regular open forums or interviews and then broadcasting only the more interesting ones. Announce that if someone wants to talk about something to call and it will be taped and possibly broadcast.

If most listeners turn off those callers (as I do) it's hurting rather than helping to broadcast them.

I missed you while you were gone!
D.G.

Dear KPFT --

Well its time again. I can't believe the year has gone so fast. Please find enclosed \$60 for the next year of listening. I'd really like to send more but our servants just got a raise (uppety darkies they are!) and my yacht required some very expensive repairs this year.

I would like to make a few comments on the programming:

(1) I'm madly in love with Mandy but don't tell my wife.

(2) I'm not too keen on the evening telephone show. I can see a need for "two-way" radio -- its important to get the listeners involved -- but I really miss the music and good rap from the D.J.

My general taste in music is toward the unusual. Classical, Cowboy, Rock or "Space" music are all great. And a balance between all of these with an emphasis on things our ears don't normally hear is the type of programming that appeals to me.

In closing I'd like to say -- Thank you for being -- KPFT. You are the very best of what radio can be!

Best Regards,
B.G.

[in response to a billing request]

You might bet your money if you'd manage to get the Cosmic Cowboy show back on the air. That was the best thing about the station and thats why I subscribed and not for nothing else. You shouldn't get all the "Cosmic Cowboys" to do a fantastic benefit for KPFT and raise all sorts of money for ya'll and not give them due time on the air. If ya'll think the Cosmic Cowboys are so great why dont you get all that rock & roll crap off and put more good music on.

Dear Charles [i.e., the Programming Director]

It's great to hear the *Bluegrass Express* back on the air. Tony does a great job. It would be nice if other knowledgeable people could be recruited to produce shows which would explore the history and ramifications of various types of music on a regular basis. In the mean time the *Blue grass Express* is a great addition to KPFT's programming. My wife and I never miss it.

H.R.

[another response to a billing statement]

I hope for more variety in your programming, both musical and informational. Survival is usually a conservative process, but be more comitted than desperate. If you change, if you educate yourselves with your programming, I'll be satisfied, generous and learning along with you. Specifically, I want a program on anarchism (at whatever level) and more jazz (deep in the guts of New York).

I've already been to your building, paid my money & received my Willy Nelson tickets. But thank you for the thought.

C.T.

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Interview



GRAPHIC BY HONEY BEEMAN

Harithas: Magic for CAM

interview by Thorne Dreyer

Jim Harithas is one of those people we meet rarely these days: a man larger than his physical frame. A man who radiates the kind of manic energy that could surely turn a wart-ridden frog into a handsome prince, manifest the March Hare from a dog-eared old derby and, in this case, transform a floundering art museum into a dynamic center of cultural activity.

Harithas has been in Houston just over a year, in his post as Director of the Contemporary Arts Museum (CAM) -- the stainless steel parallelogram at Bissonet and Montrose. He came here from Syracuse where, as director of the Everson Museum, he established himself as one of the nation's most dynamic and innovative movers in the effete, tradition-bound world of High Art.

In his work at Everson -- and before that at Washington's Corcoran Gallery -- Harithas set as his major task breaking down the traditional walls that separate museum art from people's lives. He has attempted to expand the role of the museum, taking it out into the community, working with ethnic groups, with old folks

and kids, with the mentally ill.

A workshop with inmates at Auburn Prison in New York State culminated in a nationally-acclaimed traveling exhibition of their work. As a museum director, Jim Harithas has been in the vanguard, stimulating artists working with video and other experimental media.

His prime articulated goal for his tenure at the CAM is to encourage and exhibit the works of Texas and regional artists; he feels that area artists have been ignored by Texas museums and that they are doing work of national importance.

A recent CAM show stimulated some controversy, and it would not be unreasonable to expect more in the future. On June 13, the Chronicle ran an article expressing the author's barely-cloaked outrage at a drawing by Dallas artist George Green in a recent CAM show. The piece depicted representatives of Texas's state insect -- the cockroach -- engaged in an act of carnal knowledge. Harithas received some pressure to have the work removed; instead, he decided to leave it hanging through the summer and recently arranged to have it purchased for a new CAM permanent collection of work by Texas artists.

Harithas has impressed one Houston artist with his availability and his interest: "He is absolutely open to everyone. He'll come out to your studio to see your work, even if you're not an established 'heavy.' He involves himself in the spectrum of people interested in the CAM and the art world, not just the gallery owners and the rich folk."

Some artists are more wary of Harithas, afraid that he promises too much, that he is too enthusiastic, perhaps too good to be true. But on the whole he has established what appears to be a very healthy rapport with the local art community.

Jim Harithas recently joined us in the KPFT studios for a live conversation on the "Briarpatch," our Sunday evening interview show. The following is an edited and condensed version of that session.

Jim Harithas, what are you doing in Houston anyway? Why did you come here, at a reduced salary and all . . . ?

For the same reasons that many people come to Texas -- it is very interesting at this point, especially from the standpoint of art museums. Houston is a city that hasn't turned on in a profound way to art, you know, so there is a little pioneering aspect

here.

Many people feel that way about Houston, that it's a city of possibilities, where things can happen . . .

I think it's a city where everything happens. I used to think that New York was that kind of city, but somehow you outgrow the East in a funny way.

There is a kind of provincialism that comes from being in the center of all the activity.

I mean, sure.

The Contemporary Arts Museum [CAM] is a strange kind of space to have to work with, probably very different from the sorts of museums that you have been involved with before.

Well, yes, it's more of a contemporary arts museum. It's an attempt to deal with what people consider art at any given time, and it's also a place where some experimentation can take place.

I mean, you have just a big old space -- like a warehouse space -- where you can put things around and can come up with a

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Reversal

A Renegade Returns to Radio

by Tom Curtis

John Henry Faulk, the homespun Texas humorist blacklisted from radio because an outfit called AWARE, Inc. considered him pro-Communist, recently finished his first talk show stint since he was fired by WCBS in New York almost 20 years ago. The show ran in prime time for four months on a city-owned, commercial radio station in Dallas, long a bastion of anti-Communism. It went so well that Faulk is thinking about doing another show in Houston.

Faulk was hired by Dallas's WRR; which starting last January put him on the air from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Friday. "They told me I could have anyone I wanted on and could discuss any subject I wanted to," says Faulk, who will be 63 this month and comes across as someone's benign but sophisticated grandfather. His guests included Barry Commoner, George McGovern, a Texas commercial airline pilot labelled subversive in a state police dossier because he opposed construction of a nuclear power plant, Texas's arch-conservative U.S. Senator John Tower, and a naval rear admiral whom Faulk challenged amiably about the size of the nation's defense budget. Faulk took phone calls, and the program's ratings soared.

"I built up an image as a congenial fellow from down the road a piece," explains Faulk. He actually returned each weekend to his eight-acre East Texas farm in Madisonville, a two-and-a-half-hour commute from Dallas. "When I introduced myself, I stressed that I was native born and educated at the University of

Texas. Once I got 'em comfortable, I hit 'em over the head just a bit."

Faulk wasn't shy about his liberal Democratic politics in conservative Dallas. Mostly, he expressed those views through his creation, Pea Vine Jeffers. For example, asked if he thought that Gerald Ford had restored credibility to the White House, Pea Vine opined that Ford was "Kinda like that old dollar watch of mine -- it's been wrong so much I don't trust it when it's right." On the Mayaguez incident, Pea Vine volunteered that it was "the craziest thing in the world, sending in the Marines after that ship." Challenged with the news that "President Ford says those Cambodians are outlaws," Pea Vine was unpersuaded: "Naw, he doesn't think they're outlaws," Faulk quotes him as saying. "If he thought that, he would have pardoned them."

Mostly, however, Faulk considered his radio show a dialogue on the Bill of Rights, especially the First Amendment. He enjoyed translating the rationale behind the amendment "into an idiom that truck drivers as well as professors at Southern Methodist University could understand."

His commitment to these principles led him to assail those Texas liberals who based their opposition to one of Governor Dolph Briscoe's nominees to the University of Texas board of regents on the nominee's past membership in the John Birch Society. "I thought that approach was completely unfair," says Faulk. "What they should have been discussing was his

feelings on education."

Faulk was bemused when Dallas members of the Birch Society phoned his show "with high praise for me for supporting the fine, white, Christian association. I had to tell them that I didn't support the Birch Society but that I was for anybody's right to join it; and I told them I felt the same way about the communists and the KKK." Faulk continues: "You know, I've always felt that one of the greatest American rights is the right to wrong and not get punished for it."

One hot local issue Faulk raised on his show was that of a required, nondenominational prayer in some Dallas public schools. "I quoted to them from James Madison's remonstrances in 1785 against establishment of religion," he says. "I also read them Madison's brilliant message when he vetoed an act of Congress in 1811 appropriating 10 acres of cheap land to a Baptist congregation in Mississippi. He said Europe's soils had been drenched with the blood from sectarian battles, and we must never allow that to happen here."

"And you know," Faulk goes on, "when the Dallas public hears it explained like that, a lot of them start saying the First Amendment was a pretty good idea, and they go along with it."

Faulk says he quit WRR in disgust last May when he was told that the station was joining the new NBC radio network, which has a programmed format that leaves only ten minutes of each hour for local news. "In my case, the station offered me 15 minutes," he says. "But I was interested in dialogue, not preaching to people."

Faulk is now back on his Madisonville farm, from which he writes a column for

several rural Texas newspapers and tapes short commentaries for In the Public Interest, a radio service of the Fund for Peace. He earns most of his income venturing out to give after-dinner speeches. He says he plans soon to explore the possibility of opening a "Bicentennial dialogue" on Houston radio.

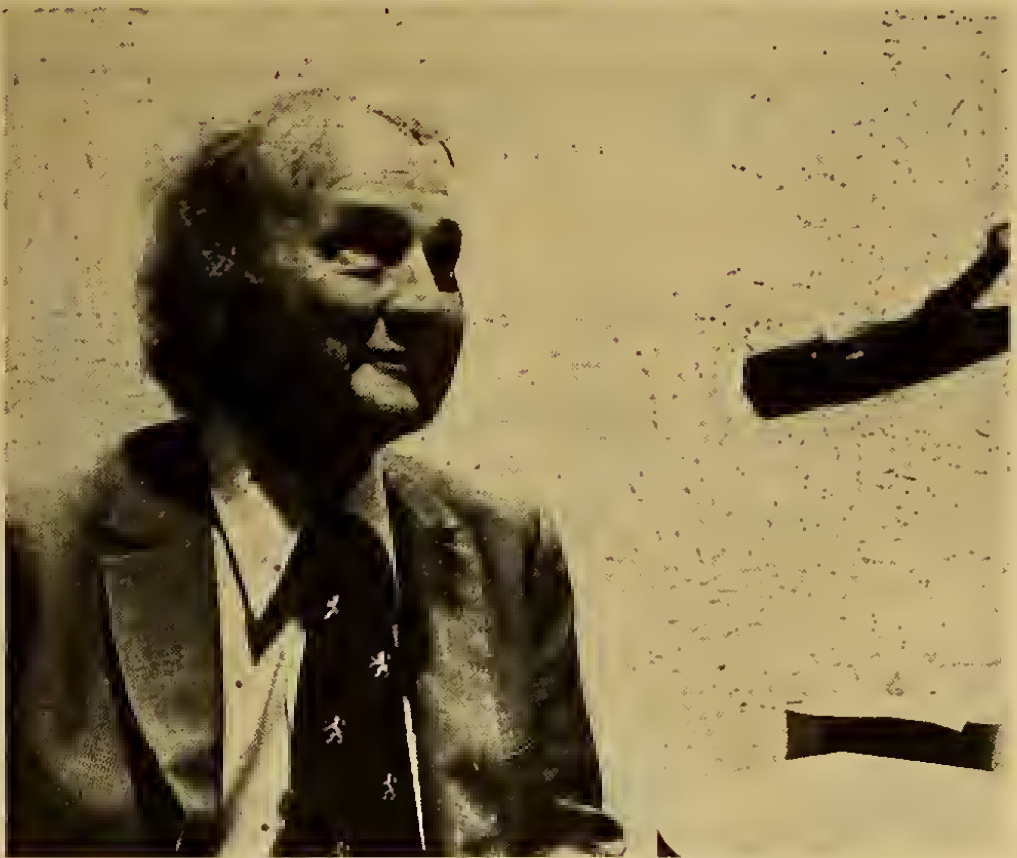
Early in November, CBS is scheduled to broadcast a two-hour dramatized version of Faulk's book, *Fear on Trial*, which is about his blacklisting, his 1956 firing by the CBS flagship radio station in New York and his ultimately successful legal fight against those who defamed him.

Faulk says he is both "amused and impressed" at CBS's plan to broadcast a story that details its own corporate cowardice. In fairness, he adds the opinion that other institutions, especially the press, also played a "namby-pamby and shoddy role" during the McCarthy era.

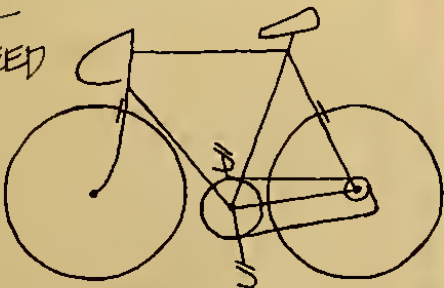
How does John Henry Faulk feel, going from entertainer to pariah to hero in less than 20 years?

"I don't feel heroic," he says. "But I think that most of the things I believed have proven out to be true. I'm for a society in which you can get used to hearing an intelligent discussion of issues without starting a fist fight. McCarthy closed that dialogue, and Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon did little to open it. Now we've got a chance to re-examine our institutions. We goddamned better use our chance to find out who we are and what our traditions are."

[Tom Curtis is a former KPFT News Director; he writes currently for the Washington Post.]



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Scandal

cont. from 1

checkers would be bound to recognize the prudence of padding the gross to ensure coming out ahead at inventory time.

What makes the flame of my ire burn brightly is a trend I have noted across the state at countless one-stops of all chains: the extra rip-off, or "hook." This is the systematic siphoning of a few extra pennies out of each customer on flimsy pretext or outright deception, hoping the buyer will be in a hurry, won't notice, won't care, or will be too timid to complain.

The checker here has nothing to lose. If you catch him in the act, all that happens is that you wind up paying what you should be paying anyway.

Here are a few of the more prevalent practises to which you need to be alert:

1) Ringing up the tax on each item, an evil ploy nabbing you this way: The attendant will round off each price in his favor when figuring the per-item tax. For example, suppose you buy three quarts of Pearl at 68 cents each. The attendant rings up each purchase at 68 cents plus 4 cents tax = 72 cents. $3 \times 72 \text{ cents} = \$2.16$.

The checker should ring them up separately: $68 + 68 + 68 = \$2.04$, + 10 cents tax = \$2.14. Had the attendant rung the correct round-off figure of 3 cents per item, the total would have been $71 + 71 + 71 = \$2.13$.

If the checker notes a glazed look in your eyes or if you wander off to get something after he begins, you're fair game for bigger nips. Few people can add more than two or three figures in their heads, figure five per cent sales tax on top of that on taxable items, and arrive at a reliably correct total. Most folks have only a vague idea of the total cost.

2) If you look especially dense, doped, or distant, the attendant may try to ring the amount he has already taxed back in at the end. He'll tax

each item separately, then throw in the total last, concluding with \$2.16 plus, lessee, 11 cents tax makes \$2.27."

The last 11 cents is rung up as tax while the previously announced per item "tax" of 12 cents is rung up with the items. Ding! 12 cents pure profit to the store. Just because an attendant says a tax figure doesn't necessarily mean that he rings it up as tax.

3) A common practice that really keeps the customer in the dark is to cover your side of the register with a display, ad, pegboard, or some such device. This prevents the customer from knowing how much was rung up for each item. You are at his mercy entirely unless you decide to examine the register slip. The clever cashier can easily ring up an extra few pennies this way.

4) Then there is the "honest mistake" technique, an oldie still good for a quick coup. Perhaps you have six items on the counter. One of them is marked 73 cents. The cashier rings it up as 78 cents. He can always later claim it looked like 78 cents. If you call him on it.

5) Quite often a nimble checker will simply throw in two or three cents somewhere amid the spinning register with no announcement. The customers rarely notice or complain.

6) You take a real beating at the weighing stand. Attendants round off the already scandalous produce prices on a rough basis calculated to provide some cushion for themselves. Suppose you buy three bananas. They are marked at 49 cents a pound. The checker weighs them on a scale you can't see, notes the weight as eight ounces, then, without batting an eye, rings up 39 cents on the register. Even if you get a quick glimpse at the scales, you must be razor quick to figure out that you should be paying only 25 cents.

Even when you call these cats on it, they may pretend they can't understand the problem. Often they will make only a partial correction, leaving themselves still a few cents to the good.

How can you fight these rascals?

1) Always know exactly how much you should be paying for each item. Many stores fail to post all their beer prices, hoping to squeeze you for a few cents by ringing up local beer at premium prices. A mild complaint in this situation generally brings a comment about "Yeah, beer wholesalers went up yesterday." What customer will ask to see a store price book? Now, maybe you will. All stores have them near the register.

2) Subtotal all items, figure the tax, and total the entire amount before you check out. If this means carrying around a pocket calculator or pencil and paper, don't be ashamed. It is your money you're saving. Don't let that five percent tax scare you either. It is really simple to compute even if you can't multiply things by five easily. Since five is half of ten, you can figure your tax by simply moving the decimal point one digit to the right, then dividing that total in half. Example: Suppose you buy \$3.74 worth of junk. Moving the decimal one place leaves you with 37.4 cents tax. One-half of that is 18.7 cents, so your tax is 19 cents. \$3.74 times five percent brings you to that same 18.7 cent tax figure.

3) Pay absolute attention to the checker during the ring-out ceremony. Make sure tax isn't added to non-taxable food items, watch out for heists on bottle-deposit returns, and always be on your toes for the classic shortchange. The latter technique is rarely used amid such sophisticated gouges, but the threat remains. Always count your change in open view before leaving the counter.

4) Always insist on a register slip;

examine it minutely if your total doesn't match the checker's. Demand an accounting of each item against the register slip if you have any doubts. Yes, it may be embarrassing to have customers behind you grumbling while you quibble. But would you rather cause a scene or be cheated?

5) Insist that the attendant ring up the taxable items first, get a sub-total, add the tax, then check the nontaxable foodstuffs. Never let him add the tax item by item.

6) If you can do so easily, remove whatever prevents you from seeing the register on your side. If this cannot be easily accomplished, ask the attendant to move it away.

7) Avoid buying produce if you cannot have a clear view of the scales. Produce at one-stops is generally poor quality stuff which is not "worked" as it is in supermarkets.

8) If this nipping happens more than once at the same store, write to the supervisor for the chain.

9) Speak in a loud voice so that everyone in the store can hear you. The meek may eventually inherit the earth, but the loud will get results at one-stop checkout counters.

These ploys may seem picayune to you. After all, only a few pennies are being removed from your pocket, so why complain? Because you are being cheated; the principle is the same be it dollars or doughnuts.

Look at it this way: Suppose Store #2S can get an average of 3 cents from each of 100 customers per day. That adds up to a siphon of \$3.00 per day or \$90.00 per month. But, suppose each store in a 150-store chain in Houston employs these tricks. That then adds up to \$450 per day or \$13,500 per month pure profit. And just suppose, for the sake of argument, that all 1200 of Houston's one-stops do these scurrilous deeds. The figures then come to \$3,600 per day or \$108,000 monthly. Still think one-stop screwing is a small potatoes skim?

LIVE MUSIC

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22 JOHNNY BUSH...

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Criticism

The New Techno-Porn

SEX AND BROADCASTING: A Handbook On Building Radio Stations for the Community. By Lorenzo W. Milam. Dildo Press. 352 pp.

Back in the old days, when one picked up a manual on some aspect of new American technological pursuits, one could assume that the ideas, progressions, thoughts, and the language would not assault the mind, the ears, or the senses. No more.

What with *The Whole Earth Catalog* and its cookie-shaped imitators, we are being subjected to a new form of mechanical pornography. One in which the technological terminology is coming to be jumbled with the vocabulary of a sailor on the make in San Francisco harbor. The disciplines of the boilerplate engineers are now coming to be mixed with the positions and techniques of *The Perfumed Garden*. The diagrams of transmitters are now to be interlarded with diagrams of *coitus interruptus*.

For those of us with some small remaining crumb of taste it is a new and disgusting turn; and the new edition of *Sex and Broadcasting* makes the most disgusting turns (and turns-of-phrase) of them all.

Lorenzo W. Milam is author of this book, which is subtitled "A Handbook on Building Radio Stations for the Community." He might well have called it "A Handbook on Self-Satisfaction, Self-Adoration, and Self Abuse."

He describes himself as a "consultant" and as "founder" of dozens of new broadcast stations -- which are titled, variously, "community," "noncommercial," "free-form," or "free-forum." After reading *Sex and Broadcasting*, one is led to the conclusion that Milam is, in reality, a dilettante whose knowledge of broadcasting may be comprehensive, but is hardly orderly and might even be considered to be hardly necessary.

The new *Sex and Broadcasting* is 352 pages long. It is replete with adjectives and descriptions which, as we have said, are more appropriate to the bawdy house than to the communications industry. Milam has chosen this book as his own personal garbage can -- a place where he can dump the refuse of several years of writings, essays and personal memoirs which obviously were not fit for publication in *Broadcasting* magazine, the *Journal of Broadcasting* or, if you ask me, *Oui*.

What we have here is a dump-truck of half-eaten, half-digested (if I were to clothe myself in the vulgarity of the book, I might even say half-assed) literary notes from the person that Larry Lee once called "the Peter Pan of Listener-Supported Radio" (but who I am sure today he would rather call "The Peter Pain of Listener-Supported Radio").

Not satisfied with engulfing us in his bizarre, facile, and often heavy smilefilled discussion of American radio and television, Milam also seems to fancy himself a poet. Thus he steals, often nakedly, from the great writers of all time. Names like Diogenes, Nabokov, Robbins, Columbus, Stubblefield, and Hill pop up regularly like pimples on the face of youth during the course of this book. But the significant quotes are the ones which are not given attribution, showing the author to be a plagiarist or worse.

For example, when he describes the methodology of operating one's own radio station, he says:

In any and all universes, there are Epicenters: those slots of energy that make the globes turn and sigh in the wind . . .

It is only a few critics of some background who would recognize this as a direct theft from Alfred Lord Tennyson,

who said in "Locksley Hall":

*Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever
down the ringing grooves of change*

Milam neither had the courtesy nor the honesty to tell us of this steal.

There is obviously a need for a book which can be used by the non-institutional broadcast stations (like the Pacifica stations); a manual -- if you will -- for ideas, program sources, engineering and technological information. However, Milam is hardly improving the existing stations' survival chances with snide statements like:

. . . the whining demanding voices on the money-raise are somewhat less subtle and for less nice now. The typical marathon on KPFK will wheedle and cajole endlessly -- for a whole goddamn month . . .

It might behoove Milam to talk to some of the station personnel outside his own tiny world to see why they ask for monies as they do.

We have pointed out how the author has made *Sex and Broadcasting* a repository for all the rags, dishes, crockery, half-eaten thoughts, used condoms, and theories which have made him so famous (or infamous) in the industry. However, we should suppose that there is really no need for the vulgarity sweepstakes to be found halfway through this book.

Listeners to KPFT may be familiar with the much-beloved Mitch Green, one-time News Director of this station. Included in *Sex and Broadcasting* is a letter which, presumably, Milam sent to the Flushing Draft Board to get an excuse for Green, so he would not be drafted and forced to serve in Viet Nam.

Doing such a favor for Green was noble; the method was not. Stating that Green had problems with micturation in his bed (and was forced to sleep with a rubber sheet) might appeal to some of the friends of the author, but it is doubtful that such a fine person as Green should have to have this weakness of his smeared all over the nation in the form of a sarcastic letter.

Milam is reported to be careless to the extreme with the reputations of his supposed friends, as this writer can easily testify.

Some readers of this newspaper might try to infer that the reason for this damning review is because of my own personal problems with Milam. Nothing could be further from the truth. I would say that the eight months I had a chance to work with Milam at KTAO (a small, non-descript station in Los Gatos, Cal.) were some of the most productive times in my whole history as a writer.

Of course I had to suffer constant abuse with Milam's "wit" and "genius." Some people act as if they would be delighted to be shot at every day with a water pistol filled with 4711. People have commented that it should have been an honor to have an employer who set off cherry bombs in the lavatories from time to time, or who would send down word to the office that he would not be appearing because he had "expired."

Having a boss who called one a "tit" every time some imagined wrong was perpetrated might be funny to some, but to this writer whose sensitivity has been commented on by countless friends -- to have to be subjected to these juvenile behavior patterns goes way beyond the call of duty.

One KPFT staffer has suggested that my bitterness was generated by Milam's refusal to publish my poetic series, "I Cry



GRAPHIC BY GARY ALLISON MOREY

Love from the Flower's Heart," as a canard. His unwillingness to allow me to read the 12-part series from my new novel *The Moon Is a Streetlamp* may bespeak the limitations of Milam's mind, if not his aesthetics.

Finally, his characterizations of my review of the new Oxford University Press Edition of Bulfinch's *Mythology* in *The Little Magazine* as "the leavings of a dead horse" might have been hilarious to his hangers-on -- and I warn you, he has many -- but they served nothing but to injure a spirit which has been wounded too often by too many crude clowns to bear repeating.

Your present writer has to stay far above the petty carpings which seem to be the atmosphere of this and similar radio stations "of the community" -- and has tried and will try again to be tolerant of the supposed geniuses of the movement. However, one must complain of the ignorance of an author who quotes from Virgil, quotes inexactly, and then translates it poorly if at all.

At one point in *Sex and Broadcasting*, the author pretends to quote from "Solomitus the Wan." He cites the famous quotation:

*Mono moenous nobis
Valorum unicum
Deus oiseaux*

as

*A hand in the bush
Is ere worth
Two birds . . .*

Not only have I been at pains to find the recondite writings of a "Solomitus," I would dare say that the author is trying to quote for us the Bathyllus attributions to Virgil, to wit:

*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves.
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.*

or:

*So you bees make your honey,
not for yourselves.
So you birds make nests,
not for yourselves.
So you sheep bear fleeces,
not for yourselves.*

It is my feeling that if Milam could somehow come to a state of wisdom, then we would not be forced to wade through 352 pages of desperate, disorganized, demented dithyrambs -- under the guise of a manual for the community radio stations of the country.

I feel that if Milam could spend a year or two at some graduate school of English literature, then he would not be so glib with his half-developed poeticisms, and he would be far more careful with his quotes and footnotes.

You will notice that I have not suggested for a moment that he had taken *entire* words and phrases from my oft-rejected manuscripts; still, I would point out that the setting and language of *Sex and Broadcasting* is too close to my own for comfort; and it would not surprise me in the least if some critic a hundred years from now were to compare the angularity and rhythm of my own works to the lesser and more peculiar prose devices of the supposed author of *Sex and Broadcasting*.

--Albert L. Blackhead

[*Sex and Broadcasting* is available for \$3 plus 25 cents postage from Dildo Press, 131 Wilder, Los Gatos, Cal.]

CAM

cont. from 3

solution about how the art works. The CAM is also interesting because it doesn't make a work of art look prettier than it is. I have always worked in very luxurious spaces, where a work of art was put up on the walls of this revered kind of museum space and immediately looked about 80 percent better than it did when it came out of the crate.

Well, in this case, does it maybe work in the opposite way? Does the artwork almost have to overcome the space?

The artwork in the CAM has to stand up to the situation that exists around it, which is more interesting. Most art museums are like stages where works are decoratively placed. The CAM is really a slab with a sign around it.

So it's much more of a challenge?

It's a challenge by virtue of the fact that most people who walk into it are not quite sure it's an art museum: I mean, they pretty well think it's not a grocery store or something else, but they are not absolutely certain that it is a museum.

Art museums are art prisons, anyway?

Yes. The traditional concept of a museum is that a museum is a place where things are stored. They never get convicted they are just stored, and a judgement has been made.

Are you attempting to make this museum more a place where things happen?

Yes, I'd like to. It's a question of being able to afford it. Sure, I think we have shown that we are not traditional and that things can happen there -- everything from Joan Baez to Clifton Chenier coming up for our Beaux Arts Bicentennial Zydeco Ball on the 28th of August.

Do traditionalists in the art field feel that this approach is sort of blasphemous?

Yes, I think they do. I recently had the pleasure of being in a conference with a lot of traditional museum directors, and I hope to God that they do feel that this is awful. Because it was so boring; I have never gone to a more boring meeting in my life. In other words, the traditional approach to a museum is not worth thinking about anymore.

You have become best known here for your interest in Texas and regional artists. Traditionally, I guess, museums in a place like Houston, if they get into contemporary art, bring in the folks from New York or the West Coast. You have said you want to see Texas art coalesce and develop a regional identity...

Yes, I was a little bit shocked, when I came here, to find out that museums all around Texas traditionally had never shown the artists that were working around here. It seemed that, in order to be considered good, a work of art had to come from New York. And I had just come from New York, and I knew that wasn't necessarily true.

I mean, it's totally ridiculous that a museum person from Syracuse, N.Y., has to come down here to Texas to make it clear that Texas art and artists working here are just as good as any artists working anywhere else. We had an exhibition by Luis Jimenez which was a masterful exhibition, just first class.

Do you see some kind of definable "Texas art" emerging?

I don't know if you are ever really going to call it "Texas art." What is interesting -- as it was in the past in New York, Los Angeles or Paris -- is that there seems to be the ferment and vitality for a great movement to occur.

In the other places that you've worked, you've been into "outreach" in terms of relating art to people, to people's lives. Because you can't always get people to come to the museum, you have to move out...

Well, a lot of people just don't need to come to an art museum. The important thing is what a museum has to offer, and that is some knowledge about the creative aspect of the individual.

The idea that a museum is just a closed place for a few is an idea that hopefully is dying and has been dying for at least a hundred years. I think the issue is -- as we did in Everson and we're trying to do here to a certain extent -- is to get out and to get the museum right to the heart of the people.

How do you do that?

First, I'll tell you how we did it in the past. We admitted such non-"art" forms as rock and roll music or Yoko Ono's art or

television as a creative art medium, and we worked with groups within the community. I have worked with prison groups, psychiatric groups... And minority groups that rarely have an opportunity to communicate what they're capable of, their cultural experience.

One of our curators, Vidal Brisenio, is out working with Leo Tenguma and others on a series of murals; another curator is working constantly with artists who are working with video and mixed media and other materials. We have a curator working with poets and writers, and Frank Davis is helping us organize the musical section. Another curator is working with Texas artists strictly on exhibits of their work.

At Everson you had a show with Yoko Ono and John Lennon. What was that all about?

Well, that was a big show. What it did was show how brilliant Yoko was as an artist during the period that she was actually making objects and doing events. And she had never been really seriously considered in New York. But to those people that followed her in the late Fifties and early Sixties, she was just as tough an artist as was around. I mean, she was very advanced in her conceptual approach to art and influenced the next generation, for which she didn't get credit.

John Lennon got very involved in her art form, and also in the politics that came out of it. Yoko was very obviously anti-Vietnam war, as was John, and very vociferous about and very clear about the kind of society that she was concerned about. They helped me enormously get my prison program organized, things like that. We also had a film festival of Yoko's and John's films, which were never broadly seen by the general public.

You also had Muhammad Ali there, didn't you?

We did a program to support and help the African Liberation movements and also to raise some money for the starving millions in northern and central Africa, and Muhammed Ali got involved. One interesting thing: we had an exhibition by an artist named Johnson... and Ali came in a and looked over the exhibition and acquired one right off, one which I personally thought was the best of the show.

You got involved with political movements, and a lot of people think that art is some kind of pure absolute form that should be separated...

What most people see in art is what has been strained out after the process has occurred, right? I mean, you can't even give a serious biography about the artist that doesn't linger primarily on formalist description of his art, with very little about what he had to go through to get there. And I do think the artist does take a political position commonly. During the Sixties, artists felt strenuously on the whole opposed to the war, and really opposed to anything that would limit the individuals freedom.

This appeared in Barnett Newman, whose "Broken Obelisk" graces the outside of the Rothko Chapel and not City Hall like it should! I'll tell you about City Hall: apparently their downtown piece will be an Oldenberg mouse. It's called "Geometric Mouse," but it's so big and so expensive that you almost have to call it a rat, you know. I mean, that's the downtown symbol.

The "Obelisk" is a rather remarkable thing. It's a great work of art, dedicated to Martin Luther King, and I think it's shocking that City Hall in its time didn't accept it. I mean, it was a real tribute to a man who did something with his life. I think it's obvious that that's what the arts are about.

At Corcoran, you got involved in some political controversy -- for one thing, I understand that during racial riots your gallery was opened as a sanctuary and food was dispensed...

Well, we did emergency work. I mean an art gallery is really concerned with the people in the city. We went through a horrendous period where the country was at war for 10 years and not only were we damaging the outside world enormously, but we were damaging ourselves. Art is partly a record of what we have done to ourselves, and I think an art museum is a political entity whether people like it or not, and at some stage has to make a stand. It hasn't saved my job too often to take a political stand, but it makes sense.

Didn't you in fact have some trouble over there with a Pablo Casals concert?

Casals' impresario was a man named Robert Pritchard, a great Black American concert musician who was working the concert out so it would be available and accessible to everyone. But my board and several members of my executive committee wanted to make it an exclusive event, felt that something as fine as Casals should

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be kept for the few. And that just about ended my job, because I thought it was ridiculous.

Isn't that a problem that artists and people who take art seriously often confront -- that the art world is basically a commercial world and ultimately it's controlled by people with money?

Well, it's worse than that. It's not only controlled by people with money, it's also controlled by people who have "taste." And taste and art very often don't go together. I mean, taste has to do with decorating homes or with decorating your lives with pretty things, right? But art, and especially that artist who is really concerned about himself and the world -- and at that first point of finding his identity and finding his place -- is very often concerned with things that are *not pretty*, you know. And they are apt to make a fiercer statement than somebody would like on their walls next to their chandelier.

How long do you think you will be able to do what you want to do here in Houston?

Well, I think as long as I want to; I'm convinced that Houston abides by the Constitution and is a free city and every point of view will have its way.

Have you in fact found the climate here to be tolerant?

Well, I find it totally tolerant. It doesn't have what you have in the East -- the hypocrisy of the kind of liberal position . . .

Pseudo-liberal chic?

Well, it's a kind of liberalism that essentially has the right attitude, but then it just doesn't make any connections with most of the community. In New York, a rich man can't talk to a poor man, because there's such a distance between Fifth Avenue and the 70's, and Harlem and 115th Street. Again, I think art is a language that begins to bridge that.

You said before that you are feeling pretty good about Houston and Houston's response . . .

Well, this is one of the few places where you don't have to put up with what New York's putting down on you, and the political system . . . Can you imagine if somebody like Rockefeller has \$30 million worth of art? Certain collectors develop power; certain museum people develop power, and New York is riddled with bureaucracy, within the art world, as within any other world.

What Houston promises is a development that at least for a short period of time is relatively free of that, and of the kind of thing that Tom Wolfe talked about. We have some good critics here -- I count Charlotte Moser [of the Chronicle] to be a

good critic. She supports and proselytizes and so on, but she doesn't develop a theory that people have to adhere to.

You had at the CAM some work by Dallas artist George Green . . .

Yeah, well he's still on view right now.

And I think one work shows some copulating cockroaches, and Mary Moody of the Chronicle wrote a piece . . .

Which I thought was just a shocking bit of bad reporting. I mean, if you see his diagrams of cockroaches copulating and they do anything to you, you're in serious trouble. I mean, if that is considered pornographic by this community, my god . . . people aren't much too far away from the ranch.

Maybe there's folk around here who get into cockroaches . . .

I thought it was a very interesting drawing anyway. I think the artist is spoofing, but I think it's also serious. Texas artists had to develop in isolation because the museums were too fancy to show them, and an artist who develops outside of that context is apt to say a fresher and clearer statement -- whether cockroaches or whatever.

You know that article she wrote in fact has

stimulated a series of letters in the Chronicle -- pro and con -- and it's been a fairly popular item . . . which suggests to me a little bit of vitality . . .

Well, everybody loves pornography. I mean, my god, you know in France, one generation after another, fathers took their sons to the Rodin museum, just to indicate -- not only art as the great aesthetic experience -- but to indicate a little bit about human nature, which is what the artist is driving at.

George Green is trying to understand the environment that he lives in and there's a quality of what I call Texas humor, especially cockroaches at the Contemporary Arts Museum, and the CAM is accused constantly of having real cockroaches, pornographic cockroaches . . .

The CAM did have real cockroaches [in a previous ecology exhibit], and that was an even greater controversy.

Incredible. I mean, if it were bedbugs and ticks, that would be a problem!

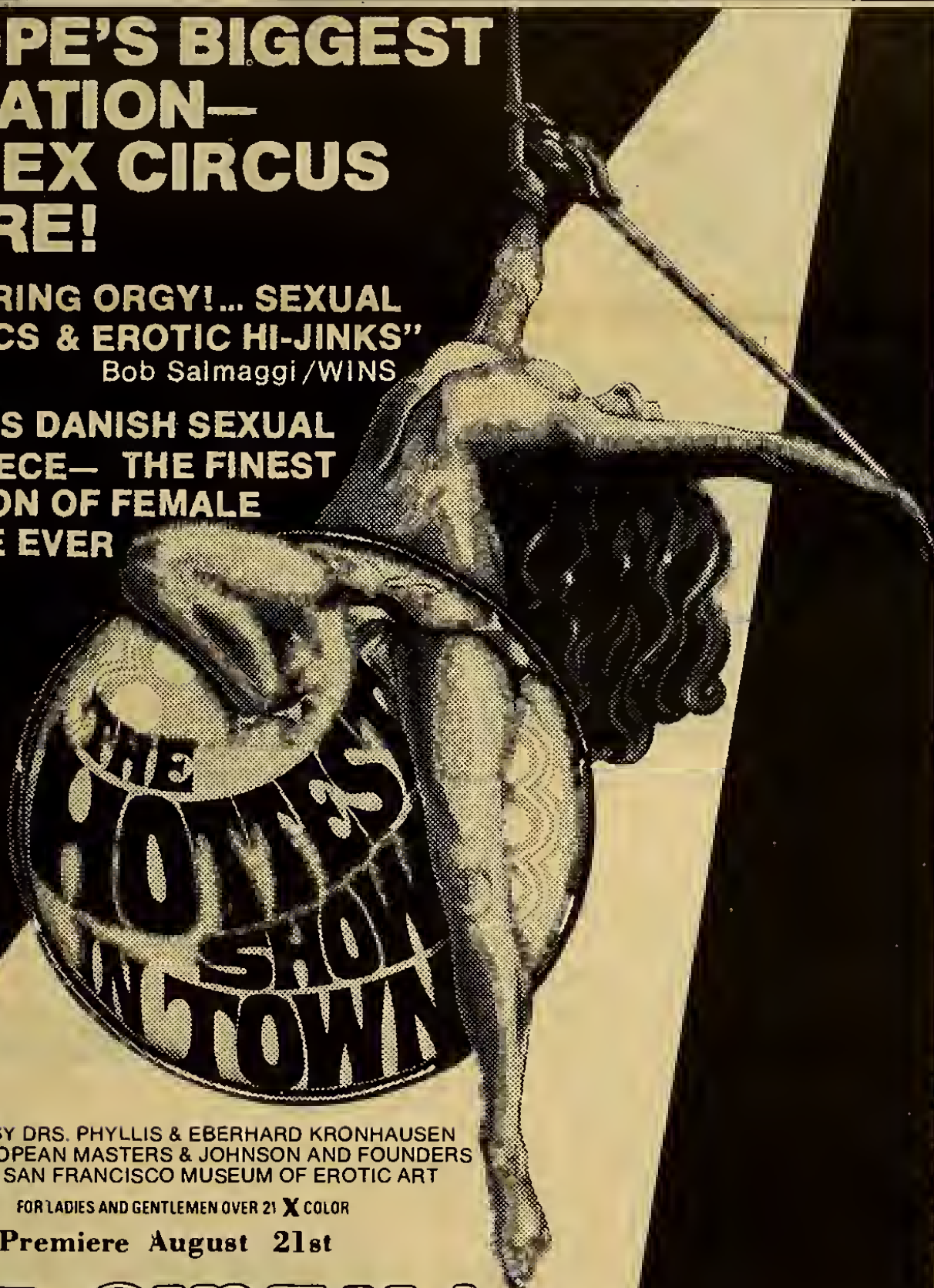
[Thorne Dreyer can be heard every Sunday on his interview show, "The Briarpatch," at 9 p.m.]

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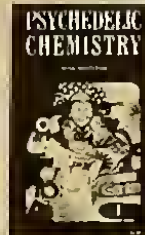
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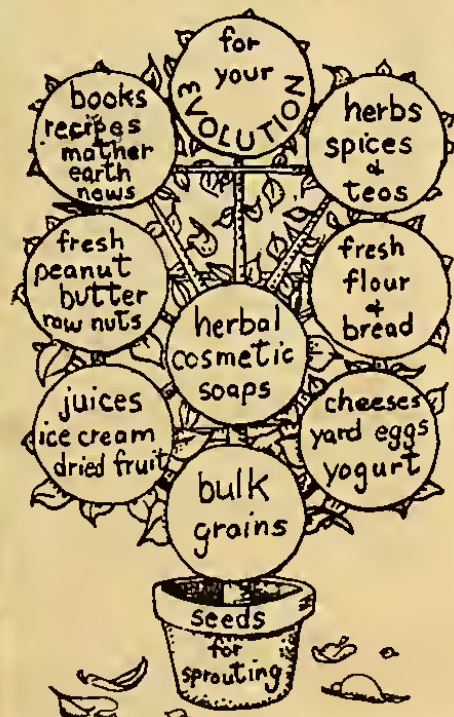
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Saturating the Space Shot



Ad Nauseam...

During the joint press conference, the Soviet Commander Alexey Leonov was asked what he thought of American space food. Answering very diplomatically, with the help of an old philosopher, he said, "The best part of a good dinner is not what you eat but with whom you eat."

In space, that had better be the case, as eating space food can be harder even than walking in space.

Deke Slayton: "For lunch, we had no salmon or rye bread, couldn't find either one of them. Oh yeah, we found the salmon later on, it's floating around here somewhere. In the evening a couple of problems. Couldn't find the vanilla pudding. And the macaroni and cheese -- I couldn't rehydrate it, so I thought I'd try to eat it dry, and as soon as I opened the package all these little quivers started flying around the cabin, so we stashed that one quickly. And the same happened with the chocolate nut cake, that was all crumbs and a total disaster so we stashed that before it got

out of control . . ."

This trend continued throughout the flight, as the spacemen from both nations exchanged a little bit (or is that bite?) of culture.

Served up were turkey and cranberries, greenborscht (which made Stafford queasy), roquefort cheese, peach ambrosia, sauerkraut soup, barbeque beef and shishkabob. All this was quite an improvement over the plastic pouches of Tang from the Mercury days.

However, Deke had problems of his own with his strawberry drink, as one split open and filled the cabin with red droplets.

Which has nothing to do with droppings. Ah yes, we violated NASA's secret: Astronauts really are human, and I can assure you that the stench from the capsule after going through nine days in space and a whole case of underwear made them appreciate the conveniences of Earth -- their showers and their wives.

--Carter Smith



THE AUTHORS, HIGGINS (L) AND SMITH (R)



THE SOVIET DESK



THE PRESS

by Jim Higgins

NOTICE TO NEWSMEN: There will be a soccer game at 3 p.m. Sunday at the field behind the Holiday Inn on NASA Road 1 between members of the KGB and the CIA who are here as accredited media representatives. [A notice posted in the Press Room of the Johnson Space Center.]

What can you expect when over 700 journalists (over 200 of them foreign) gather in one place for nearly nine days to follow and report on detente in the weightlessness of space. Coexistence in a vacuum. And, with over two years of planning, compromising and political public relations behind it, the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project (ASTP) provided good copy (though condescending at times) to the watching world.

The NASA building that houses the Space Museum and Visitor's Information Center was transformed with TV monitors, tables, telephones and typewriters into a base camp and information outlet for the hundreds of serious and not-so-serious journalists.

There are not many events as well scripted as the ASTP, that can command so much world attention for such a sustained period of time. Only Neil Armstrong's leap for mankind, six years earlier, equalled the international interest. For this mission, there were 26 British presspeople. The Russians had 24. The Japanese 14. And even Ethiopia had a press representative. The American press corps numbered over 500.

But, for Americans, every flight since the historic Apollo 11 has been anticlimactic. The massive overdose of space coverage in this country for many led to terminal apathy. Perhaps it is the wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am attitude of our consumer society toward trends and events (or trendy events).

Not so in the Soviet Union, where the curtain of secrecy surrounding the Russian space program is being drawn open slowly. The ASTP let the biggest shaft of light through for the millions of Russians watching a live lift-off of their Soyuz for the first time.

For nine days, the working press, who all had access to the same, single information source, the Public Affairs Office (PAO), filed thousands of stories of orchestrated detente and scripted spontaneity in the "Gee Whiz" atmosphere of space reporting. Occasionally, style would separate one report from the other, but the final news product was invariably the same.

Covering an historic space shot like ASTP has to be an enviable assignment. Most of the Big Boys (the networks and major newspapers) have their work cut out for them. They usually have researchers to read through the reams of handouts and press kits and background material that PAO puts out. For lower-budget journalists, it's an impossible ream.

On the day of the launch, the press tables still were not filled with the hundreds of reporters assigned them. Except for the local media and a few scattered stringers, most of the press was at Cape Canaveral for the Apollo launch seven-and-a-half hours after the Soyuz liftoff. Most of the Russian press had already arrived and had spent the weekend before roaming Houston doing four-and-a-half minute spots on the face and faces of Space City.

In a secluded corner of the press building was a small passageway of semi-enclosed soundproof cubicles where the European Broadcasters (EUB) and Soviet commentators sat watching their TV monitors, providing voice-over in their respective languages. Walking through during prime time, you could hear a smattering of Dutch, French, Italian, Norwegian and Russian.

Italian Radio (RAI) had the best approach. Their man in Houston, Enrico Ameri, is a sportscaster. This is not so unusual, considering the fact that Lady Golfer had a correspondent there, too. There may have been a sense of ideological competition, but in this game the important plays were already fixed.

According to a PAO official, one top NASA administrator, who is a former NBC director, traveled between the two countries last year writing scenarios for the live TV broadcast from space. If you studied the flight plan of the entire mission, you could plan your day to coincide with the prime time action in space so that you could sleep, drink, or go to the beach during the many low points.

That is how the "Occasional" journalists handled the nine-day affair. There was only one reporter who involved himself totally in the mission and he literally lived in the press building: Dan Fiorucci, of Fordham University's radio station, made a bed of chairs every night, sleeping when the astronauts did and getting up with their wake-up calls. Fiorucci would wash and change clothes in the restroom and eat in the NASA cafeteria. He became known as "the one who sleeps here." He also was the best person to fill you in on missed transmissions, what the astronauts had to eat, what experiments were going on and where the space travelers were at any given moment. But Dan said that he was, at one point, unimpressed with the rest of the press:

"I noticed that the newsroom would fill up and empty out depending on the trends in the mission. A few would go out to the beach and then come back and try to make up for lost time by studying the transcripts and then filling their story. But I haven't seen too many like that."

Reporters usually have a competitive instinct for going after news, but when they all share the same source -- the drive is gone. There are only so many ways to cover a launch or docking.

Some Soviet interpreters, government officials and a few press people gathered in the designated "Soyuz Lounge" to view the live launch of the Soyuz from the Baykonur Cosmodrome. Through the magic of detente and satellite, the whole world was watching. Or so the riff went. Actually, the Soviets in this room at NASA were the ones being watched and photographed by local reporters wanting to capture a "spontaneous" reaction to a perfect lift-off. The Russians obliged with enthusiastic applause and then turned their attention back to the TV monitor where the rocket carrying cosmonauts Leonov and Kubasov was slowly disappearing from view. Now it was a seven-and-a-half hour wait before the Apollo liftoff from Florida.

The summer crowd of tourists around the Johnson Space Center were caught up in the excitement. Russian and American reporters were doing man-on-the-street interviews. The Space Center Gift Shop was doing peak business selling everything from Soyuz-Apollo decals to 20-dollar Florence coasters with the official commemorative emblem.

The hottest selling item, though, was the commemorative envelope. The gift shop was getting 50 cents apiece for the envelope and a stamp. Across the street at the Holiday Inn postal station, you could get the same for only 20 cents.

A group of seven- and eight-year-olds from a local day care center were touring the Space Museum and, when asked, insisted that the just-launched Russians were on their way to meet some Martians. One well-informed

seven-year-old said it was the Americans that the Russians would meet. When asked the difference between a Russian and an American, the little boy thought for a moment and then responded, "It's the language. They speak different. They speak Spanish." At 2:50 that afternoon Stafford, Slayton and Brand followed the Russians into orbit. A sense of relief -- that finally all parties were on their way -- followed the flawless liftoff.

That first day-and-a-half, as the Apollo chased Soyuz toward their political rendezvous, the otherwise routine progress reports were laced with a few major problems. What was first reported as a minor technical problem with a Soyuz TV camera (which prevented liftoff shots of the cosmonauts inside the spacecraft) turned out to be larger in scope.

A Soviet technician explained through an interpreter that the camera would be repaired in-flight. Then, several hours later, the Soviets explained it was not just the camera but the entire TV system which was malfunctioning.

Mission Control people in Houston were disappointed with what they considered inferior cameras. Although there was some TV coverage from the Soyuz, the biggest disappointment was during the docking and undocking when Apollo's outside camera focused on the Soyuz and the broken Soyuz camera showed nothing.

For the Apollo crew, the most serious problem was the docking probe stuck inside the docking module. The probe was eventually extracted and stored properly, but not without some journalistic concern that the cosmic handshake in space was in jeopardy.

... so unless the American astronauts are successful in freeing the probe, a crew transfer will be impossible. At this moment Mission Control feels the problem can be solved shortly. Reg Turnhill, BBC, Houston.

Turnhill, whose desk was two rows behind KPFT's, was sending as many as 10 reports daily during the active periods of the flight. The veteran BBC spacecaster saw the American media's coverage as the reason for a noticeable lack of interest.

"I think the lack of interest in the United States is largely due to the way the media covers it. Fact is, there's very little detail given about what's happening on the flight. We (BBC) do try, I think, and there is more interest in what they are actually doing."

If you didn't stay glued to your TV monitor, the best way to find out what the scientists were doing was to attend the change-of-shift briefings held every eight hours in the JSC Auditorium. The format was that of an informal press conference with the outgoing Flight Director.

For the day-and-a-half before the docking, I took the opportunity to roam around the Press Center seeking out Soviets willing to talk on tape. Most said they were either too busy or their English was not good. Some agreed to talk, but not on tape.

Jonas Lukoshevichus from Moscow News Weekly struck me as the Russian reporter to talk to. I overheard him asking an American newspaperman what kind of salary he received. Was he thinking of changing jobs . . . or affiliations? I never really saw him doing anything except hang around the Press Center with his small cassette recorder and smile at anyone who noticed him. Perhaps he would be at the soccer game.

I suggested we talk on tape and, after some initial reluctance ("My English is not good") we sat down on a couch opposite the United States Information Agency (USIA) desk.

I asked him what he thought of the American press coverage of the Soviet Union:

"Yes, you have very big press . . . but when this press is covering the life in Soviet Union, this press didn't give a full picture of the life. Of course, maybe

it is tradition to look for something special . . . something sensational. When you are speaking of peoples of complete country it's not very good practice."

I steered the conversation to the lack of Watergate coverage in the Soviet press which Lukoshevichus defended as being an internal affair and of no great concern to the Soviet people. When asked if any system of government could function without some form of political corruption, the Russian said, "You see, we have another kind of political system at all; maybe it's difficult for you to understand our political system but we have not political corruption at all. I can say it like truth." And he did.

We finally got back to detentish questions like: "What kind of story are you writing about this mission?"

"Like you I am gathering opinions of my colleagues. I'm going to take interview with your NASA officials, engineers and scientists who are here. I take interview with other officials and public relations men who are working here; and, of course, I am going to write my own story . . . my own opinion."

"Will it be a positive story?"

"Of course, because most of my colleagues opinions are positive, too." Now it was Jonas's turn to ask the questions. He turned on his machine (I kept mine running) and asked some token questions like: "What interests you here?" and "What opinion you've got about us?" There was a detentish tone in his questions, not wanting to put me on the spot.

Once the tape machines were off, however, the conversation got interesting. So much so that the USIA man sitting across from us would cock his head when subjects like the KKK or the CIA came up. At one point, the Russian prefaced a question with: "Scuse me. I want to ask you question and if you don't answer I understand . . . What is every day I read in papers about CIA. Not just occasional story but massive attack. Why is this happening?"

The USIA man was all ears as I explained in unflattering terms the realities of the CIA as we have come to know them in the last year. The Russian then defended the CIA and the KGB as necessary to both governments to keep an eye on the "crazies." When I pressed him on "who decides who is crazy," he shrugged his shoulders, thanked me for the interview and said, "Well, I must go now." I think he thought that I was crazy.

You have to be a little crazy to get up almost every morning for nine days at 4 a.m., especially if you rarely get to sleep before midnight. That's not to say all the press kept those hours. Some had it down to an art of putting in the minimum amount of time for the maximum copy.

Some American reporters were never around for mundane things like the astronauts eating and spilling food all over the cabin, or conducting experiments. At one point, early on in the Apollo program, it may have been cute copy, but to many the hazards and routines of manned orbit were just not worth getting up or leaving the pool for. The Europeans and Japanese, however, saw it differently.

Except for prime time stunts like the docking, crew transfers and splash-down, the European schedule was a nighttime one. Late afternoon was prime pool time at the Nassau Bay and other area hotels. Then, in the late evening, they would cross the streets with their translators and recap the days activities for their waking audience back home.

When the moment of docking finally came, all the press was present. After all, this was the main event; the technological justification for nearly half-a-billion dollars in combined spending. The testing of an international docking system. The testing of detente. The exchange of a handshake, some

Cont. on 20

LEON RUSSELL

A new album

WILL O' THE WISP

His voice is at its best, sounding fresh and revitalized... it is clearly visible that the man loves his music and will put the utmost into performing it.

—Mark Hanzlik,
The State Hornet

His latest LP appears to be a labor of love and, as such, is easily his best since "Leon and The Shelter People."

—Gary McDonald, *Buddy*

"Will O' The Wisp" has to be one of the most tasteful rock presentations of recent years. Leon Russell makes his keyboard work and singing speak in unpretentious, yet uncompromising terms.

—Will Smith
Omaha World-Herald

When Leon Russell is right, there is no more exciting musical performer in the world... one of the finest albums of the year.

—Bob Talbert
The Detroit Free Press

Leon Russell boogies back. "Will O' The Wisp" represents Russell's most substantial achievement since "Carney"... it goes a long way toward re-establishing Russell's artistic credibility and makes him as a pop innovator who cannot be counted out.

—Stephen Holden
Rolling Stone

This is Leon's first album in some time, but it was unquestionably worth the wait... it is the best album he has ever recorded.

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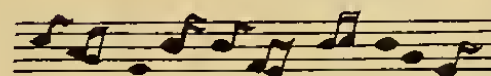
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An Old-Timer Looks Back

by Sonora Hudson

*I rode all the freight trains in this country,
Didn't have a nickel fare,
I didn't care where that day took me,
Didn't think I'd ever care
--from "Crying the Blues Over You"*

Bill Neeley and Shorty Ziggler were the first performers at the Split Rail in Austin, playing for 15 dollars a night when it first opened and was nothing but a brush arbor. Bill's back there once again, still clad in the proverbial jeans, immaculate cowboy shirt, polished boots and straw hat, and still carrying his Gibson in a cardboard case. At 59, his face is a bit more weathered and thin than it used to be, but his singing and playing are as strong as ever.

No one would describe Bill Neeley as a "cosmic cowboy;" that phrase hadn't even been coined when he got into music some 40 years ago. Neeley grew up in the Twenties on 150 acres of Texas farmland in Collin County. One of four children of sharecropper parents, he started working on the farm after he "quituated" from school in the eighth grade. When the Depression hit and his father could no longer make ends meet by selling crops, 14-year-old Bill hopped the nearest freight in search of adventure and employment. He found more of the former than the latter

as he rode freights through 48 states, smoking Duke's mixture, playing an old battered guitar for pennies and avoiding the railroad bulls.

He recalls having to get off a freight going across Jackrabbit Trail in Arizona because there were so many hoboes that it couldn't make it up the mountain. Then there was the time in Tucumcari, N.M., when he lost his only nickel and, while looking for it, found two 20-dollar bills; the rest of the trip to Los Angeles he rode in style as a passenger.

And the time in Fort Worth he and a friend hopped a nonstop freight and found themselves locked in the refrigerator car. They were finally freed in Los Angeles, only to be taken to the Lincoln Heights jail, which they shared with 3,000 other people and a lot of bedbugs.

Although his mother was accomplished at guitar, organ and accordion and his two uncles were great guitarists, Neeley insists he wouldn't have started playing guitar if he hadn't skipped work one day in 1929 and met his idol, Jimmy Rodgers. Rodgers taught him C chord on his guitar, an experience Neeley recollects in his song, "Blackland Farm." However, his unique style of picking, which he describes as "playing bass, lead and rhythm all at the same time," was influenced by his good friend Mance Lipscomb.

Even though he likes to sing Rodgers' songs, he writes most of his material



PHOTO BY STEVE HUDSON

himself. "I never been over an hour writing a song; the words just come to me and I put 'em down on paper and then I make me a tune to it." His ideas come from everywhere. "Skid Row" was inspired by a drunk he treated to a meal one day. Another song was written in 15 minutes one night for a little girl at the Split Rail.

"Pflugerville Boogie" wasn't preconceived at all and consists of backroom jamming with his friends during the recording of his first album for Arhoolie Records in April, 1973. Arhoolie already has enough of his songs for two more albums to be released in December.

Recalling the days when he met such notables as Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, Pretty Boy Floyd, Hank Williams and Bob Wills, he says, "We had a lot of good times then, a lot of misery." Fingering his mementoes, guitars that belonged to Hank Williams and Mance Lipscomb, and souvenirs of his meeting with Jimmy Rodgers, he continues, "My wife and kids holler all the time, 'I don't want none of the good old days.' I say, 'Well, you stop and think a little bit, we had pretty good times in the good old days, anyhow.' And that's what his music is all about."

A Handful of Cajuns Can't Be Wrong

by Giovanni Farnesi

An authentic record collector of no less stature than England's Charlie Gillette considers the lower horn of the American gulf coast a veritable discocopia. The triangle marked by Houston, New Orleans, and Shreveport has produced a respectable number of gold records. But it's not the national hits that make the area so fertile; it's the product from the plethora of primeval recording studios dotting this sector of the southeast.

Gillette, the Hugh Trevor-Roper of discographies, comes here seeking piratic authenticity. Those grubbing for roots are also well occupied here (see page 87 of last issue for the Banjo Kid's interview with Mrs. Mance Lipscomb's corset). Even the most casual of collectors, the corner repositor with only a vague historical perspective, who will stoop to filch Ronnie Reverb and the Equalizers' "The Cheering song": Pacemaker Records (PMREE-1), can uncover several items monthly.

The foremost of this season's collectibles share an incestuous Cajun heritage. The

earlier of the two, "You Left a Lonely Mind" b/w "You Can't Come In": The Crazy Cajun Records (CC-HPM-S), is a bit of esoterica by Huey P. Meaux himself.

The more recent, "Love Cajun Style" b/w "Louisiana Funky Homegrown": American Pla-Boy (AP-JCS-1), is the first release by Erath transplant John Craig Stout. Stout has spent the last year and a half honing his considerable writing and singing talents at Meaux's Sugar Hill Studios in much the same capacity that Kris Kristofferson filled in his scuffling days at Columbia in Nashville.

"You Left a Lonely Mind" is the sort of cut that sends legitimate reviewers scrambling for thesauri. But to no avail -- it defies common description. For this, one quickly understands, words simply must be coined. Huey's Cajun inflections to the accompaniment of bronchitic accordions are calcareative. That is to say, upon repeated listenings you become utterly convinced that your socks are full of crawfish. Cajun blues singers generally sound like Charles Aznavour sniffing gas. This epitomizes that.

The best comment on the flip side is that "...the melody is infectious, but then so is hepatitis..." Its foremost recommendation to the aforementioned repositor is that Huey dubbed his full repertoire of DJ exhortations over his Fats Domino-derived delivery. History, nostalgia, and inflation being what they are, the result is truly priceless.

Stout's initial effort is to be taken more seriously. Given little opportunity to break nationally, it has nonetheless received airplay in markets as diverse as Illinois and Wyoming. Although less than hardcore, it is definitely a Louisiana product. The A side is the most commercial version yet of a thirteen-year-old tune recorded under various titles by Jimmy Donley, Poppa Link Davis, Frogman Henry, Warren Storm, et al. Those who think the mathematics of sex are exhausted at *soixante-neuf* overlooked "Love Cajun Style." The erotic delights implicit in the lyrics are enhanced by the sharp production and peeling steel pedal work of that bright addition to the Houston scene, Sugar Hill's new manager,

Mickey Moody. It is truly an engaging number.

Again, the flip side is of the greater value to the local collector. "Louisiana Funky Homegrown," a tale of bayou idylls replete with custom continental pirogues and pearl-handled paddles, is probably the freshest song written locally in several years. John Craig plays and sings his composition with an enthusiasm and genuineness that a long-distance carpet-bagger like John Fogerty could only hope to emulate. Unfortunately, this particular version is marred by bits of dreadful harmony from an anonymous studio musician. Anonymity is better than he deserves for dragging down an otherwise very sprightly, sportive rhythm.

The dilettante reared on Phil Spector's wall of trombones may recoil from these singles, but those who understand that he who knows only his own generation remains forever a child will cherish them. "Keep on Knocking" preserves a radio/studio legend and "Funky Homegrown" will be recorded regularly for years to come. They are, frankly, worth \$1.19.

Gilley's

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Update

KPFT

Long-time listeners to KPFT may recall about two years ago when the station announced that it was killing one programming era and giving birth to another. It was quite a change, to say the least. It was dramatic and immediately pronounced.

Well, it's that time again, folks. The third era is upon us. This time, it's not nearly so theatrical as two years ago. This time, we're not killing anything. I guess that takes a little drama out of the situation. So be it. We're just growing and we hope to make that growth obvious to you.

I have been at KPFT for a little over a month now. It's been interesting. It's been frustrating, and it's been inspiring. Naturally, I've been talking to a lot of people who have been filling me in on the history of the station. I've been reading a lot of old files. I've been thinking about it a lot.

One of the things that kept striking me was that KPFT has generated a lot of strong feelings in this community, pro and con. It has had hard-working and dedicated friends and it has had some pretty hard-core enemies. Sometimes, they've been the same people at different points in time. That's o.k. It's all in the past.

One of the things that disturbs me is that too many of both old friends and old enemies agree that it is over. They say that KPFT is no longer relevant. They say that it cannot support itself from its audience. They say it is obvious that the idea of community radio as a medium of communication for *all* the community has failed.

Old friends say it failed to provoke thought and provide needed information. They say it merely provides entertainment for some and substance for none. Old enemies say it's a phenomenon of another time. It is no longer a threat to things as they are, and is not likely to become one.

I want to tell you, old friends and foes alike, the idea is still the same one we started with five years ago. That idea was that communication is a workable art and that there is a natural community among people with ideas.

Our idea is to make it real at KPFT. I assure you that we will do so. To paraphrase Mark Twain, "Reports of our demise are greatly exaggerated."

Given the history of KPFT, I see no point in making some lofty-sounding programming statement calculated to inspire you. James Brown once said, "Sayin' it and doin' it is just a different thing." I always listen to James Brown.

I would just ask you to read the rest of this issue of the Mighty 90. I would ask that you listen to us and decide what you think about what is going on here. Finally, I would ask for your involvement, be it in the form of your opinion, your money, or your energy -- hopefully with all three. We do intend to be the kind of presence in this community that we started out to be. We all need that, so let's do it -- together. "We," in this context, includes "you." That's what makes it real.

--Bob Rogers, Manager

News

Every day, the propaganda arms of industry, government and pressure groups churn out mountains of paper, attempting to sway the tide of public opinion. It is the job of the news media to wade through it all and separate the trash from the treasure, the truth from the lies, and then present it in an understandable fashion to a mass audience.

Unfortunately, the news media is falling down on the job. In the name of objectivity,



PHOTO BY AMOS BARROW

the lies are given as much play as the truth, and the people continue to grow more confused.

We cannot change this malaise overnight. We *can* open the microphones and announce the truth as it has never been announced before, but we *cannot* expect tyrannies to topple and liars to confess before our very ears as a result. It just doesn't work that way.

All is not lost, however. We do have a plan.

KPFT is already the musical trend-setter in this community, because we allow ourselves to showcase new musical concepts and because our listeners are open-minded enough to give those concepts a chance. And when those concepts strike a receptive chord among the listeners, they influence their peers.

Now is the time to set trends in the social arena. Walter Cronkite and Larry Rasco and all those other guys already provide the general public with a skeletal outline of the day's events. We want to provide more than that.

By no means do we intend to ignore the day's top stories. We promise to keep you abreast of all the late-breaking news of real significance. But we also promise to provide you with in-depth analyses of news events from a historical perspective. These analyses can help clear up a portion of the confusion fostered by the negligence of the "objective" news media.

We also promise to be a news alternative. This so-called civilization faces immeasurable problems and we cannot assume that the institutions which foster

these problems can be relied upon to solve them. Most likely, the answers lie elsewhere.

As KPFT provides a musical showcase, we can also provide an idea showcase. And as our listeners assimilate those ideas and concepts, they will weed out the good social concepts from the bad and, hopefully, translate those concepts into social action utilizing the influence that gravitates toward those who allow themselves to be socially aware.

The theory is sound, but how can we put it into practice? Let's get down to specifics.

Our information output can be no better than our information input. We have decided to drop our only wire service and replace it with another. At this writing, we subscribe to Reuters, an excellent British wire service which emphasizes international news. But in order to receive more input on the national and statewide fronts, we are switching to United Press International. We would very much like to continue our Reuters service, but our funds are limited and our priority must lie with the service that provides us with the broadest range of input.

Of course, we will continue to bring you in-depth daily national and international coverage from the Pacifica Washington Bureau and InterNews. In addition, we want to provide more in-depth information concerning events and social currents in and around Houston.

In order to do so, we have restructured ourselves so that some of us will spend nearly all of our time "in the field," or in

the community, while the rest of us will work "in the shop," or in the radio station. The people working inside will compile and present the information on the air and record local news feeds from the people working outside. This allows the field reporters more time to work on extra features and to cover more events in any given day.

Sure, it's specialization, and specialization can sometimes lead to isolation. But as long as we are aware of our selves and our motivations, we can restrict any isolationist tendencies which may crop up.

In order to extend our capabilities further, we will need assistance from you -- assistance in the form of feedback. Let us know what we're doing wrong and what we are doing right. It helps tremendously.

We also need your information. Every listener to KPFT is a news source. Every day, thousands of people in this city run across social inequities, rip-offs, injustices and jive hustles that need to be exposed. Tip us off. Once we know about them, we can examine the situations and possibly remedy them.

We need assistance in another form as well -- cold, hard cash. A tax-deductible donation of \$2,820 would underwrite our newswire service for a year. For philanthropists of more modest means, \$240 would underwrite the annual cost of a subscription to Earth News, one of the San Francisco-based alternative news services. The other two -- Zodiac and Pacific -- already donate their material to us. Earth News won't, but we need their information just the same. A contribution of \$150 or so would buy us a badly-needed automatic telephone message recorder, to be used as a news tip line.

Many of you can't afford to donate sizeable amounts, and we understand this. But many of you can and should. Don't think of it as a hand-out. Think of it as an investment leading to the profitable return of an informed community.

Two 15-minute news presentations are scheduled for weekdays in August -- one at 8 a.m. and the other at noon. We'll have a daily wrap-up during "Life On Earth" at 6 p.m. When events warrant, we'll drop in with late-breaking updates and locally-produced features.

At this point, it's obvious to me that I should close by asking you to tune in. But you should do more than listen passively. Get involved. We need more than money. We need feedback, newstips, encouragement, criticism and ideas. Most of all, we need you to spread the word, to set the trends -- trends that foreshadow the future.

--Gavan Duffy, News Director

Public Affairs

In the early 1900's, after assiduous study and meditation, a small religious group known as the Millerites came to the realization that Judgement Day was near at hand. These civic-minded people took to the streets to warn the populace of the impending doom.

Then, on the appointed day, the Millerites sought to place themselves in close relationship to God -- the most devout among them gathered on mountain tops, the less hearty perched in the branches of trees, and the more restrained joined together in churches for psalm and prayer. All were awaiting the destruction to be heralded by the clarion of Gabriel's trumpet.

In a certain town in the Midwest, indeed they heard His call. The entire congregation rushed into the street to meet their

cont. on 16

Update

cont. from 15

Maker, and standing before them was Crazy Amos, the town drunk, with a grin on his face and a trumpet in his hand.

We live in peculiar times -- balanced between apocalypse and Armageddon, psychological revolution and behavior modification, reform and political repression -- in a world laced with the makings of The Great Millerite Delusion. So, in this gray area in which we live, I see the function of the Public Affairs Department as that of a Crazy Amos. We're here to pull things back into perspective.

Of the phenomena which hinder the process of finding perspectives on these times, there are three which lie so deeply within the gray regions it's difficult to approach them in our programming. They are *Jargonese*, *Co-optation*, and *Officialese*.

Jargonese is the droppings of our institutions of learning. It's a sort of language, a language composed of important sounding words. Words which stand for simple ideas which everybody already knows, but serve to make the ideas seem more complex or more scientific.

Officialese permeates everything from political rhetoric to the news-speak of media to the patriarchy of this society. It's the language of authority; authority grounded neither in wisdom nor justice, but in propaganda and misguided patriotism.

Co-optation embraces both *Jargonese* and *Officialese*. It's a process of taking information (knowledge) and resources (wealth, for example) out of the public domain and placing it in the hands of the few -- so that law is the property of the legal professions, medicine the property of doctors, America's Gross National Product the property of corporations, and govern-

ment the property of personality cults.

Descending from the realm of universal principles to the particulars of programming, procedures and content: the Information Department is dead. The responsibilities of that department have been divided between News and Public Affairs. "Life On Earth" will replace "INFORMATION" as KPFT's alternative news program, and that nebulous region suggested by the term "information" will be coordinated by the Public Affairs Department. "Life On Earth" is from 6 to 7 p.m., Monday through Friday and regular features will include:

COMMON SENSE II (Mondays) -- a look at where we've been and perhaps are going in this bicentennial year, why for instance has the American Bicentennial Commission spent \$10 million on nostalgic doodads and folderol.

EMBRACE THE EARTH (Tuesdays) -- a meeting ground for the necessities of a human ecology and the malevolent practices of this society.

THE TROUBLE WITH TIN WOODSMEN (Wednesdays) -- another gray area lying amid poetry, public affairs, the disenfranchised, and the poverty of affluence.

LET THEM EAT CAKE (Thursdays) -- the world food situation, agriculture news, agribusiness, and the green revolution.

"Life On Earth" will conduct interviews with representatives of community and municipal organizations. Among the people we talked with during July were the city's Public Service Director, and representatives of Amnesty International and the Houston Rape Crisis Coalition. There's a myriad of other projects under development; more on that next month.

A lot of titles and terminology have been used here. *Jargonese* was mentioned, so too should a force which counters it. Let's call it "generative grammar" -- because it's language reaching out to say we *care*

and we understand.

"RECYCLOZONE" has always been somewhat shrouded in mystery. By way of explanation, it is rechristened the "Anatomy of Change." The program is a look into the patterns and trends of the past week's events; a gathering together and analysis of all the non-sequiturs which compose the news. Tracy Gehman and myself will orchestrate this program each Saturday between 5 and 7 p.m.

On the assumption that all things should run full circle, we come round again to you and I and Crazy Amos. It would be very easy for me to go on at length about the directions, ideals, and processes in motion at KPFT... it would also be very easy for me to become encrusted with "radio blight" and get none of them done.

I've sketched here things I know we can accomplish. I am painfully aware of many more I regard as minimal necessities in public affairs programming.

A year and a half ago, I wrote an article for this paper about what I sensed electronic media could be. For various reasons, it didn't happen then. Now I believe it can. But more than that, I think it *must*; I feel a sense of urgency that community radio become a reality very soon.

Struggle has a negative connotation in this country -- something to be avoided -- but I don't think any growth occurs without it. I'm not here to talk to myself; I need criticism... and sometimes a Crazy Amos standing by the door.

--bob henderson, Public Affairs Director

Promotions

The Promotion Department has undergone a sizeable expansion in order to provide a wider range of benefits and services to subscribers and more of a variety of community events to keep you

busy on weekends.

Bruce Litvin will continue to dig up tickets and albums for new subscribers and give-aways for present subscribers. Bruce is also expanding into the area of services for the new subscriber, for example, a \$30 subscriber is entitled to an hour with a PhD psychologist -- an excellent deal indeed.

Bruce is also bringing more live music to the KPFT airwaves. In addition to Liberty Hall and Anderson Fair, we will also be airing the Texas Opry House and La Bastille shows. KPFT will continue to be the live music station in Houston.

I hope you all enjoyed the "Son of the Cosmic Cowboy" benefit, for we will be bringing you much more. In producing a benefit, we try to offer you a *full day* of music for a reasonable price. You will not have to wait for "Beneath the Planet of the Cosmic Cowboys," for we will have another major show ready for you in late September with a very different twist.

Sept. 1 will mark the initiation of the KPFT Hard Times Survival Kit. This kit will be available to \$15 subscribers and will feature coupons offering hundreds of dollars worth of discounts throughout Houston. Discounts and freebies will cover all areas of survival from clothing to food to entertainment and booze.

For all you larger subscribers, we have a better deal in the works. Your support will entitle you to the all-new Subscriber ID Card. This card will offer you permanent discounts throughout Houston, free entry to all KPFT subscriber parties, and the upcoming KPFT film series. This program will begin Oct. 1, but a card may be reserved beginning Sept. 1. The film series will feature weekly showings of a variety of films, many never shown in Houston.

There will be full details of the KPFT Hard Times Survival Kit and the Subscriber ID Card in next month's issue of the Mighty Ninety News.

The major thrust of the KPFT Promo-

KPFT - FM 90 Programming

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
6:00 am							
7:00	Yogurt Culture	Yogurt Culture	Yogurt Culture	Yogurt Culture	Yogurt Culture	Bob Rogers	Eye of Day
8:00							
9:00							
10:00	Mandy	Mandy	Mandy	Mandy	Mandy	Tracy	Liselotte
11:00							
Noon							
1:00 pm	Banjo Kid	Emmett	Banjo Kid	Emmett	Banjo Kid	Bisontennial Bob	Jim Strong
2:00							
3:00							Bisontennial Bob
4:00	Monterrey Jack	Monterrey Jack	Monterrey Jack	Monterrey Jack	Monterrey Jack	Emil	
5:00	Cheez	Cheez	Cheez	Cheez	Cheez		
6:00	Life on Earth					Anatomy of Change	Truckstop
7:00	Subtle Maneuvers						
8:00							Bluegrass Express
9:00	Donnie Jo DJ	Mario	Morey	Mario	Duffy	R & M	The Briarpatch
10:00							
11:00	Final Hour	Final Hour	Final Hour	Final Hour	Final Hour	Final Hour	Tip of the Iceberg
Midnite							
1:00 am	Scott Cluthe					Marsha Carter	K. Wayne
2:00		Lawrence	Lawrence	Lawrence	Lawrence		
3:00							
4:00	SIGNOFF						
5:00		K. Wayne	Bruce	K. Wayne	Michael	Beat the Manager	Bruce
6:00							
	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY

tions Department is expansion in services and events for subscribers. If you have any questions or suggestions, please do not hesitate to call.

The Promotions Staff is: Mario Marques (Director), Bruce Litvin, Michael Sheiman, Ron Mack and Emille Guillermo.

--Mario Marques, Promotions Director

Fine Arts

"One essential ability of human beings is the ability to create images. Thus, art, theater and music become image-extensions of our perceptions of a present reality, a past history, and future possibilities. Our capacity to stylize our images in order to reflect individual personality opens the doors to communication on countless levels."

This quote is significant in that it forms the basis of the new Fine Arts Department at KPFT. Because the creation of images involves a complex and very subtle process, both for the visual artist and the writing artist, all fine arts presentations will carry the name "Subtle Maneuvers."

The presentations themselves will be formatted in the evening hour between 7 and 8 p.m., Monday through Friday. "Subtle Maneuvers" will present visual art, theater, music and other fine arts to the radio audience with the purpose of providing definitions, information, directions and developments with the fine arts scene in Houston.

The conceptual format is as follows:

Monday: Open forum night. Produced programs related to fine arts readings, etc. Also open to artists to air their grievances concerning the politics, adaptability, and general atmosphere of the fine arts scene in Houston. This will incorporate opinion exchange.

Tuesday: Ethnic art, poetry and or prose, music night. Open to whatever variations are going on in ethnic fine arts.

Wednesday: Gallery night. Focus on one gallery's philosophy connection with the community, events, etc., per week. Within this context, it must be remembered that many galleries do sponsor poetry readings, and varied forms of visual art. All will be considered for presentations, depending on the desires of the gallery.

Thursday: Live theater presentations, interspersed with interviews with the actors, directors involved. Also in this time slot, radio drama will be considered.

Friday: Information concerning new exhibitions at several galleries, new presentations, live and on film, at theaters, and street theater presentations, information on current festivals, and "fringe" events. This format will be information interspersed with short interviews relevant to the information given, and appropriate music.

Concerning this format, we are not insensitive to the implied separatism of scheduling ethnic arts differently than other general fine arts presentations. Yet it is important to note that both Black and Chicano artists have been pushed aside from the mainstream in many cases, and also that ethnic artists of all cultures are exploring their culture through art.

Due to these two situations, we felt that it would be of greater value to our own audience to present ethnic art in its own time slot. This arrangement seems to be most beneficial both to our audience and to the artists themselves.

Our goal, of course, is to strive for the day when Blacks, Chicanos, Indians and Women will not have to be categorized as being members of a subculture or victims of mainstream misinterpretation.

We are quite open to the response of all members of the community concerning these ideas, and the format of "Subtle Maneuvers." Please share your thoughts, feelings and art with us.

--Marsha Carter, Fine Arts Director

Programming

Activity at KPFT in the last several weeks has been building steadily with signs of real promise and hope. In many ways, the intensification of activity corresponds to the exciting cultural renaissance boiling quietly throughout the land, much to everyone's delight.

With a new production studio and fresh innovative talent, KPFT is now able to upgrade the quality of programming. What this means is that we can now serve you better by researching and producing our information, then scheduling and promoting programs of vital concern. You will be able to know, in advance, when your favorite programs and subjects are on the air, and this efficiency in communication is a benefit for everyone.

August shapes up as a time of exciting transition. During this month, KPFT welcomes and will play host to Bob Fass. A 10-year veteran of WBAI in New York City, Bob Fass is the "Father of Free-Form Radio" and host of "Radio Unnameable," a late night favorite of New Yorkers for years.

In its colorful history, "Radio Unnameable" has featured live interviews with artists like Bob Dylan, Arlo Guthrie, Pete Seeger and many others. Bob promises some highly creative uses of the radio during August, with live guests, colorful sidekicks, and some surprises. Be listening Tuesday through Thursday from 8 to 11 p.m. and Sunday from 12 to 3 a.m.

KPFT is also initiating the "Final Hour" program series, Monday through Saturday at 11 p.m., providing time for specialized programs of greater length than are usually aired.

Finally, we are looking forward to presenting more live remote broadcasts. Along with the traditional Liberty Hall

programs, KPFT is expanding to include the new Texas Opry House on Saturday nights, and an afternoon concert series from Anderson Fair each Wednesday at 12:30 p.m.

All of the new programs grow from renewed foundations, favorite programs brought back from the past. KPFT welcomes back Tony Ullrich and the "Bluegrass Express" following a two-year absence, each Sunday from 5 to 7 p.m. And the continuing favorite, "Mandy in the Morning," from 9 a.m. to noon each weekday. During August, Mandy will feature a reading from *Through the Looking Glass* each morning at 9:30.

--Charles Park, Program Director

Volunteers

... KPFT's New, All-Volunteer Army

In order to form a more perfect union of community and radio, KPFT will soon be issuing the call to volunteers, new and old, to stand up and be counted.

KPFT's volunteer program is presently being reorganized and expanded in scope. The new program will offer in-station work experiences and various opportunities to represent your radio station within the community.

While we can't compete with the GI Bill, KPFT volunteerism is not without benefits. Service and commitment will be recognized and rewarded within the station's capabilities (album and ticket freebies, etc.).

But the call to service is being made only to the revolutionary who will gain greater satisfaction from being an active part of a positive force -- community radio.

Stand by your radios. Sit if you like -- you'll soon be hearing the alert -- and you won't need your muskets this time.

--Sandy Jensen, Volunteer Coordinator

KPFT

fm 90

2 - way radio

I WANT TO SUPPORT
HOUSTON'S NON-COMMERCIAL STATION

I WANT TO PARTICIPATE
IN TWO-WAY RADIO

I WANT TO RECEIVE
THE MIGHTY NINETY NEWS
IN THE MAIL EVERY MONTH

Enclosed is my payment

for () \$15 () \$30 () \$60

for one year's subscription.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____

[] I would like to volunteer
some of my time to work at KPFT.
Please call me.

Events

a master bluesman's most personal brew.

JUNIOR WELLS • ON TAP

it's potent.



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"Telly has a rich warm voice and possesses a keen sense of the lyric as he croons through 10 delicious cuts." — Cashbox

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Music

GILLEY'S, 4500 Spencer Hwy., Pasadena, 946-9842
LA BASTILLE, 716 Franklin St., 227-2036
LIBERTY HALL, 1610 Chenevert, 225-6250
SUNSHINE HOUSE, 2111 Norfolk, 529-4953
SWEETHEART OF TEXAS CONCERT HALL AND SALOON,
120 Milam, 223-9361
TEXAS OPRY HOUSE, 1416 Richmond, 524-4647

FRI/1ST GOOSE CREEK SYMPHONY, AUGIE MEYERS/LIBERTY HALL/8:00 P.M.
TANYA TUCKER/ASTROWORLO/7:00 AND 9:00 P.M.
ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL/GILLEY'S/9:00 P.M.
KENNETH THREAOGILL, RICK CASUAL & THE KITCHEN BAND/TEXAS OPRY HOUSE/9:30 P.M.
CADE AND FRIENDS/SWEETHEART OF TEXAS
BARBARA OANE/SHAPE CENTER/ 3815 LIVE OAK/7:30 P.M./529-1641 FOR INFO
HOUSTON HIGHLANDER BAGPIPERS & THE HEATHER BELLS/GOOWIN PARK/8:00 P.M.
SAT/2ND JETHRO TULL/COLISEUM/8:00 P.M./SOLD OUT
GOOSE CREEK (SEE FRI/1ST)
KENNETH THREAOGILL (SEE FRI/1ST)
PETE WADDELL (SEE FRI/1ST)
SUN/3RD OANCE BAND CONCERT/HERMANN PARK/2:30 P.M.
JEFFERSON STARSHIP, COMMANDER COOY/HOFHEINZ PAVILION/8:00 P.M./TICKETS AT EVOLUTION
GOOSE CREEK (SEE FRI/1ST)
MON/4TH TITO PUENTE/LA BASTILLE/8:00 P.M.
OPEN STAGE NIGHT/SAND MOUNTAIN
SCOTT HENDERSON/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
NEIGHBORHOOD CONCERT/CANDLELIGHT PARK/7:30 P.M.
TUES/5TH WHEATFIELD/THE PIZZA PLACE/8:00 P.M.
SHRINE BAND/CHERRYHURST PARK/7:30 P.M.
TITO PUENTE (SEE MON/4TH)
WED/6TH GUESS WHO, CHARLIE DANIELS BANO/COLISEUM/8:00 P.M.
PAUL KENNEOY/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
NEIGHBORHOOD CONCERT/LANSOALE PARK/7:30 P.M.
NEIGHBORHOOD JAZZ CONCERT/INDEPENDENCE PARK/7:30 P.M.
TITO PUENTE (SEE MON/4TH)
WHEATFIELD (SEE TUES/5TH)
THUR/7TH SIR MONTE ROCK III, DISCO TEX & THE SEX-O-LETS/LA BASTILLE/8:00 P.M.
SNEE TRAVIS/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
NEIGHBORHOOD JAZZ CONCERT/TUFFLY PARK/7:30 P.M.
NEIGHBORHOOD JAZZ CONCERT/LINCOLN PARK/7:30 P.M.
WHEATFIELD (SEE TUES/5TH)
FRI/8TH DAVID ALLAN COE/TEXAS OPRY HOUSE/9:30 P.M.
RAMBLIN' JACK ELIOT/SWEETHEART OF TEXAS.
STEPHEN JARRARD/SUNSHINE HOUSE/8:00 P.M.
SIR MONTE ROCK (SEE THUR/7TH)
WHEATFIELD (SEE TUES/5TH)
SAT/9TH EARTH, WIND, AND FIRE/HOFHEINZ PAVILION/8:00 P.M.
MIKE TWITTY/OILLEY'S/9:00 P.M.
DAVID ALLAN COE (SEE FRI/8TH)
SIR MONTE ROCK (SEE THUR/7TH)
RAMBLIN' JACK (SEE FRI/8TH)
WHEATFIELD (SEE TUES/5TH)
STEPHEN JARRARD (SEE FRI/8TH)
SUN/10TH SIR MONTE ROCK (SEE THUR/7TH)
MON/11TH LATIMORE/LA BASTILLE/8:00 P.M.
OPEN STAGE NIGHT/SAND MOUNTAIN
PAT AND JIM RUSSELL/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
NEIGHBORHOOD JAZZ CONCERT/HOBART TAYLOR PARK/7:30 P.M.
TUES/12TH SUPERTRAMP/MUSIC HALL/8:00 P.M.
PETE WADDELL/SUNSHINE HOUSE/8:00 P.M.
SHRINE BAND/CANDLELIGHT PARK/7:30 P.M.
LATIMORE (SEE MON/11TH)
WED/13TH SCOTT HENDERSON/SUNSHINE HOUSE/ 8:00 P.M.
LATIMORE (SEE MON/11TH)
THUR/14TH TOMPALL GLASER/GILLEY'S/9:00 P.M.
NICKY HOPKINS/LA BASTILLE/8:00 P.M.
IRISH BAGPIPERS/MONTE BEACH PARK/8:00 P.M.
ALEX HARVEY/TEXAS OPRY HOUSE/8:00 P.M.
DENIM, MICHAEL MARCOULIER/SWEETHEART OF TEXAS
THE JONGLEURS/JONES HALL/8:00 P.M.
CATFISH/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
BAYOU BANJO CLUB/GODWIN PARK/8:00 P.M.
NICKY HOPKINS (SEE THUR/14TH)

SAT/16TH JOE SIMON/CONTINENTAL SHOWCASE/10:00 P.M. AND 2:00 A.M.
ROY HEAO/GILLEY'S/9:00 P.M.
NICKY HOPKINS (SEE THUR/14TH)
ALEX HARVEY (SEE FRI/15TH)
DENIM (SEE FRI/15TH)
CATFISH (SEE FRI/15TH)
SUN/17TH NEIL SEDAKA/ASTROWORLD-SKYRAMA/7:30 AND 9:30 P.M.
NICKY HOPKINS (SEE THUR/14TH)
MON/18TH OPEN STAGE NIGHT/SAND MOUNTAIN
CLYDE DEBRUN/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
TUE/19TH HOUSTON POPS/LINKWOOD PARK/7:30 P.M.
MARK SEDLER/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
WED/20TH ERIC CLAPTON, ELVIN BISHOP/COLISEUM/8:00 P.M.
TEXAS ALL-TIME FIDDLERS/PROCTOR PARK/7:30 P.M.
THUR/21ST FREDDY HUBBARD (TENTATIVE AS WE GO TO PRESS)/LA BASTILLE/8:00 P.M.
FRI/22ND DOGTOOTH VIOLET/SWEETHEART OF TEXAS
SNEE TRAVIS/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
FREDDY HUBBARD (SEE THUR/21ST)
ISAAC HAYES/HOFHEINZ PAVILION/8:00 P.M.
SUN/23RD DOGTOOTH VIOLET (SEE FRI/22ND)
FREDDY HUBBARD (SEE THUR/21ST)
SNEE TRAVIS (SEE FRI/22ND)
SUN/24TH POLICE BENEFIT WITH FREDDY FENDER/COLISEUM/8:00 P.M.
FREDDY HUBBARD (SEE THUR/21ST)
MON/25TH OPEN STAGE NIGHT/SAND MOUNTAIN
BETTY ELKINS/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
TUES/26TH SCOTT/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
THUR/28TH WAYLON JENNINGS/LIBERTY HALL/8:30 P.M.
LONNIE LISTON SMITH & THE COSMIC ECHOES/LA BASTILLE/8:00 P.M.
PETE WADDELL/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
FRI/29TH RAY WILEY HUBBARD & THE COWBOY TWINKIES/SWEETHEART OF TEXAS
MICKEY GILLEY/GILLEY'S/9:30 P.M.
WAYLON JENNINGS (SEE THUR/28TH)
LONNIE LISTON SMITH (SEE THUR/28TH)
SAT/30TH CONCERT & DANCE/MILLER THEATER/8:30 P.M.
GENE WATSON/GILLEY'S/9:30 P.M.
RAY WILEY HUBBARD (SEE FRI/29TH)
SUN/31ST JAZZ FESTIVAL/MILLER THEATER/8:30 P.M.
SHRINE BAND/HERMANN PARK -- ACROSS FROM ZOO/7:30 P.M.
UNCLE SAM/SUNSHINE HOUSE/7:30 P.M.
RAY WILEY HUBBARD (SEE FRI/29TH)

Film

FRI/1ST NINDTCHKA/ALLEY THEATER/7:30 P.M. AND 9:30 P.M.
LADY OF BURLESQUE/ALLEY THEATER/MIDNIGHT
SAT/2ND BEAT THE DEVIL/RICE MEDIA CENTER/7:30 AND 10:00 P.M.
TOM THUMB/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
THE CONFORMIST/ALLEY THEATER/7:30 AND 9:30 P.M.
SUN/3RD CINNER AT EIGHT/RICE MEDIA CENTER/7:30 AND 10:00 P.M.
NEW ENGLAND FOLK PAINTER: ERASTUS SALISBURY FIELD, INDIAN ART OF THE SOUTHWEST/
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
THE CONFORMIST/ALLEY THEATER/8:00 AND 8:00 P.M.
MON/4TH SOME LIKE IT HOT/KAPLAN THEATER/8:00 P.M.
TUES/5TH VANISHING PRAIRIE/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
LES VIOLINS DU BAL/ALLEY THEATER/8:00 P.M.
WED/6TH OELACROIX & GERICAULT/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
LES VIOLINS DU BAL (SEE TUES/5TH)
THUR/7TH CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS/ALLEY THEATER/8:00 P.M.
FRI/8TH CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS/ALLEY THEATER/7:30 AND 9:30 P.M.
THE BIG SLEEP/RICE MEDIA CENTER/7:30 AND 9:30 P.M.
THE BIG SLEEP/RICE MEDIA CENTER/7:30 AND 10:00 P.M.
VAMPIRE/ALLEY THEATER/MIDNIGHT
SAT/9TH DOG OF FLANDERS/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
GILDA/ALLEY THEATER/7:30 AND 9:30 P.M.
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES/RICE MEDIA CENTER/7:30 P.M.
SUN/10TH DEGAS DANCERS, TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, ART NOUVEAU/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
GILDA/ALLEY THEATER/8:00 AND 8:00 P.M.
BEATLES' ORIGINAL CONCERT FILMS/U. OF HOUSTON, CULLEN AUDITORIUM/3:00 AND 7:30 P.M.
MON/11TH A STAR IS BORN/KAPLAN THEATER/8:00 P.M.
TUES/12TH WORLD WITHOUT SUN/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
DANCING LADY/ALLEY THEATER/8:00 P.M.
WED/13TH THE HENRI MATISSE CENTENNIAL AT THE GRAND PALAIS/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
DANCING LADY (SEE TUES/12TH)
THUR/14TH ANIMAL CRACKERS/ALLEY THEATER/8:00 P.M.
FRI/15TH ANIMAL CRACKERS/ALLEY THEATER/7:30 AND 9:30 P.M.
REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE/RICE MEDIA CENTER/7:30 AND 10:00 P.M.
VIRIDIANA/ALLEY THEATER/MIDNIGHT
SAT/16TH THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
ROBERTA/ALLEY THEATER/7:30 AND 9:30 P.M.
AN AMERICAN IN PARIS/RICE MEDIA CENTER/7:30 AND 10:00 P.M.
SUN/17TH THE ART OF BLACK AFRICA/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
ROBERTA/ALLEY THEATER/8:00 AND 8:00 P.M.
MON/18TH RACHEL, RACHEL/KAPLAN THEATER/8:00 P.M.
TUE/19TH THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
WED/20TH AMERICAN REALISTS/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
FRI/22ND LAST TANGO IN PARIS/RICE MEDIA CENTER/7:30 AND 10:30 P.M.
SAT/23RD PINOCCHIO/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
LAST TANGO IN PARIS (SEE FRI/22ND)
SUN/24TH JACKSON POLLOCK/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
MON/25TH A LION IN WINTER/KAPLAN THEATER/8:00 P.M.
TUES/26TH THE ADVENTURE OF SINBAD/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
WED/27TH LOUIS I. KAHN: ARCHITECT, SCULPTURE IN THE CITY/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
SAT/30TH THE THREE CABALLEROS/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.
SUN/31ST OAGUERRE: THE BIRTH OF PHOTOGRAPHY WALKER EVANS/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/2:00 P.M.

*FILMS INTENDED FOR CHILDREN

Theater

FRI/1ST THE MARRIAGE GO ROUND/WINOMILL DINNER THEATER/8:30 P.M. TUES. THRU SAT., 2:00 P.M. SUN.,
THRU AUG. 17
THUR/7TH MAN OF LA MANCHA/COLLEGE OF THE MAINLAND, TEXAS CITY/8:00 P.M./THRU AUG. 9/938-1211, X 227
FRI/8TH A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM/MILLER THEATER/8:30 P.M./SHOWS ON AUG. 8, 13, 15, 21, AND 23
TUES/12TH WELDED/THE LITTLE THEATER, WESTBURY SQUARE/THRU AUG. 31/721-1158
SAT/19TH THE TAMING OF THE SHREW/MILLER THEATER/8:30 P.M./SHOWS ON AUG. 9, 14, 16, 20, AND 22.

Galleries

LARRY SCHOLER -PRINTS/CONTEMPORARY ARTS MUSEUM/THRU AUG. 25
MEXICAN FOLK TOYS/CONTEMPORARY ARTS MUSEUM/THRU AUG. 15
ALVIN S. ROMANSKY COLLECTION/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/THRU AUG. 24
THREE CENTURIES OF FRENCH POSTER ART/RICE MUSEUM/THRU AUG. 15
EXHIBITION OF CHAIR DESIGN/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/AUGUST 5 - 31
MODERN PAINTING: 1900 TO THE PRESENT/MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS/OPENS AUG. 15
SUN/27TH STARVING ARTISTS SHOW/ALBERT THOMAS CONVENTION CENTER/OPENS 8:00 A.M.

Odd Lots

SAT/2ND MARATHON BOAT RACES/CLEAR LAKE/THRU AUG. 3.
SUN/3RD "ATLANTIS, LEMURIA, AND MU," LECTURE BY LOUIS RUSSO/ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY CENTER/8:00 P.M.
SUN/10TH "THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT, PERU, AND MEXICO," LECTURE BY LOUIS RUSSO/ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY
CENTER/8:00 P.M.
MON/11TH EIGHTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE ON JUNGIAN PSYCHOLOGY/430 BUNKER HILL ROAD/524-8253
SAT/16TH HOUSTON POST VS. OILERS: CHARITY GAME FOR SICKLE-CELL ANEMIA/ASTRODOME/8:00 P.M.
SUN/17TH "HOUSTON, 2000 A.D.," LECTURE BY LOUIS RUSSO/ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY CENTER/8:00 P.M.
THUR/21ST FULL MOON MEDITATION/ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY CENTER/7:30 P.M.
SAT/30TH "AVATARS OF THE COMINO AGE," LECTURE BY WILLIAM OAVIO/ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY CENTER/8:00
P.M.
POETS' WORKSHOPS/TUESDAY NIGHTS/SAND MOUNTAIN
OPEN HOUSE MEDITATIONS/SATURDAY AFTERNOONS 2:00 P.M./ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY CENTER



the ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY
center
523 LOVETT BLVD.
HOUSTON, TX 77006

NEW CLASSES

WILL BEGIN AUGUST 25
FOR CLASS SCHEDULES
524-7758

SOUND, COLOR & VIBRATION
MESSAGE & BODY MOVEMENT
METAPHYSICAL & OCCULT

ASTROLOGY
TAROT
KABBALAH
PALMISTRY
NUMEROLOGY
REFLEXOLOGY
PLANTOLOGY
NUTRITION

ROOTS



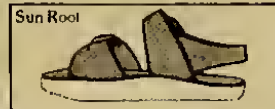
Naturally Shaped Toes. A little more room than you'll find in conventional shoes. Your feet are more comfortable. Better circulation of air keeps them cooler, too.



Gently Recessed Heel. Instead of tilting you up, Roots cradles your foot in a comfortable recess. It eases you into a straighter posture and helps you enjoy a more natural, less tiring way of walking.

Rocker Sole. In walking, your weight lands at the heel and moves along the outer foot, then across to the big toe for lift-off. Roots are contoured to help spring you off and make each step a little less work.

Comfortable Arch Support. Walking around, or just standing around, on hard floors and city sidewalks can be tough on the arches. If you spend so much time on your feet, we'd like you to have our support.



Sold only at Roots Shops.
Gift certificates available.

ROOTS NATURAL FOOTWEAR City feet need Roots.
5366 Westheimer (2 Blocks West of Galleria)
626-7820

the **Sweetheart of Texas**
Concert Hall & Saloon
120 Milam

showtimes
-- 8:30 pm



AUGUST

1, 2: CADE and Friends

8, 9: RAMBLIN' JACK ELIOT

15, 16: DENIM Michael Marcoulier

22, 23: DOGTOOTH VIOLET

29, 30: RAY WILEY HUBBARD and the Cowboy Twinkies

TICKETS AT: Warehouse Records, U of H ticket office & Evolution Records & Tapes

Space

Cont. from 11

seeds, flags, plaques and books. Theater in orbit.

But let's not forget theater on earth. As much a part of the space program as Tang and splashdowns is the vigil at the home of an astronaut where we like to think his family is glued to the TV -- sweaty palms and nervous smiles. And, of course, that classic shot of the wife next to the TV, watching her husband floating in space.

But not for Mrs. Deke Slayton who, although it was her husband's first flight, was very self-conscious about the corny captions and silly poses the other wives have had to endure.

I joined a couple of wireservice people at her home where a NASA protocol officer relayed her desire *not* to be photographed by the TV. How about watering a tree? How about watering the TV set? The photographers settled for shots of the astronaut's wife watering her plants. I only had one question I wanted to ask.

"Mrs. Slayton, how do you feel about the lame questions reporters ask you at a time like this? Does any of it make sense?" She looked at me like I had asked if her husband farted in space.

"Ask another question, please," she said, then added, "It's true that some of the questions are very repetitive and they're very difficult to answer and I..."

"Do you think the questions are trite?" I asked tritely.

"Yes, a little trite," she said, "but this is my first exposure to all of this and I just don't want to lose the flight by too much of this sort of thing, that's all."

I still was not sure there was a purpose in the pilgrimage to Slayton's home, and I wondered how many other reporters felt the same way. I mean, who really cares what she thought of Deke floating around in space with two Communists and their fellow travelers?

John Denver cares. "Rocky Mountain

High" was an item on the VIP tour of Mission Control during the flight, and he was so impressed with what was going on that he said, "I plan on touring Russia with a symphony that I'm involved in writing, part of which is going to come out of this." Detente in Asia Minor?

A day before the docking, a memo was circulated to the press asking for written questions to be submitted in advance for the joint onboard press conference the next day. I am not sure who submitted the questions, but by the time they were relayed to the cosmonauts and astronauts, they had an aura of detente about them.

Question to Stafford: Taking into consideration the existing world problems, in your opinion, are the expenses connected with the space flight justified?

Question to Kubasov: You have children. What would you like to wish to them as well as all the children of the world?

During the final day of joint activities, the space men took the world on a tour of each other's crafts and countries with the Russians speaking in English and the Americans trying to speak in Russian. Orbiting over Leningrad, Kubasov pointed out that 300,000 Fascist troops were killed and captured there during the war. And Brand acknowledged that the Russian still remembered a war of 30 years ago, adding that, "Fortunately, we have come a long way since then."

After nearly two full days of prime time coexistence aboard the docked crafts, the Soyuz and Apollo separated with the Russians heading for a soft landing in Central Asia and the Americans hanging around three days longer before their splashdown in the Pacific.

With joint activities completed, the rest of the mission was anticlimactic. Attendance in the press room fell off. The swimming pools and bars filled up. Jules Bergman was seen strolling around the Space Center with shades and a calypso shirt. He was also seen

trying to crack open a watermelon at the bottom of a pool.

A country club atmosphere took over. Shirts and ties gave way to shorts and sandals. The State of Florida stand, which had dispensed 360 gallons of free orange juice, was dry. Most of the Japanese press went home. Space groupies were going around getting their flight plans autographed. And on the last day, only one reporter showed up for the morning change-of-shift briefing.

For those who remained on the job, the pace was more relaxed, although the copy was short. The final space highlight was a live, unrehearsed press conference with the Apollo astronauts the day before splashdown. It was televised at 7:30 a.m., and the auditorium was packed. Where had all these reporters been the day before? Where did all these Brooks Brothers suits come from? Even the local media put on their Sunday best. The power of television.

One NASA official told Dan Fiorucci ("the guy who sleeps here") to "let the Big Boys ask the questions." Dan and other lesser-known reporters who had lived and breathed the mission for nine days were ignored as the PAO officer recognized network reporters, big city dailies, some foreign newsmen and the reporter from Lady Golfer. It was show biz all the way.

The final farewells came the night of the Apollo landing which marked the last splashdown of the last manned mission until 1979, when the space shuttle becomes operational.

Over drinks and dip, Russian and Americans, reporters and astronauts mingled. It was like a giant cast party on closing night. "Author... author..."

NOTICE TO NEWSMEN: On orders from Washington and Moscow the soccer game has been cancelled. [subsequent notice in the JSC Press Room].

[Jim Higgins is a regular KPFT newsperson who spent all of two weeks holed up in a hotel across the street from NASA.]

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